HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. VII.—No. 334.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1863. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $3,00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1863, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

MAJOR-GENERAL GEORGE STONEMAN, U.S.A.—[See next Page.]

TO GENERAL HOOKER.

THE BATTLE OF THE RAPPAHANNOCK.

"CLEAR the way!" Columbia saith,
"For a moment hold your breath,
Freedom must be won by death!"

So they marched—the patriot train—
While the wounded and the slain
Lay in heaps like gathered grain.

Hooker foremost in the fray,
Holding the stern foe at bay—
Oh! it was a fearful day!

There brave Berry sunk to rest—
On the Sons of Freedom press'd,
Risking all at her behest:

Cherishing the precious thought,
As their toilsome way they fought—
"Thus must Liberty be bought!"

I protest, on bended knee,
By their record that we see,
They have bought a victory.

By God's love of truth and right—
By their deeds done in His sight—
We *were victors* in that fight!

Ay—though tens of thousands slain
Lie in heaps on hill and plain—
Justice *never* fights in vain!

GENERAL STONEMAN.

WE publish on the preceding page an equestrian portrait of GENERAL GEORGE STONEMAN, who commanded the cavalry on the recent raid round Lee's army.

George Stoneman was born in this State about the year 1826. He entered West Point in 1842, and, on graduating, was commissioned Second Lieutenant in the 1st Dragoons. He does not appear to have taken part in the Mexican war, but during the fifteen years of peace which ensued he acquired a high standing in his profession, and was deemed by his comrades an excellent cavalry officer. At the outbreak of the rebellion he was appointed, on 9th May, 1861, Major in the 4th Cavalry. In August of the same year, when M'Clellan undertook to create the Army of the Potomac, he was commissioned Brigadier-General, and took charge of a brigade. He was subsequently transferred to the cavalry arm of the service, and when the Army of the Potomac undertook the Peninsular Campaign he was appointed to the chief command of all its cavalry. His services during that campaign were conspicuous, and raised him high in public esteem. We believe that he went nearer to Richmond than any other man in the army. In the campaign in Maryland, and that under Burnside, he commanded a corps, giving continued satisfaction to the President and the people. He has just performed a feat which casts all the famous raids of the rebel Stuart into the shade. He has ridden round Lee's army, destroying their communications with Richmond, and some of his men have actually been within two miles of the rebel capital. The importance of this achievement will be discovered hereafter. Meanwhile it has raised Stoneman so high in public estimation that he has been mentioned for the supreme command of the Army of the Potomac.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1863.

"Scarcely any paper is doing so much for UNION and LIBERTY as *Harper's Weekly*."—*Boston Commonwealth.*

WHY IMMIGRATION INCREASES.

EVERY vessel which the east wind brings into port from Europe arrives freighted with human beings. Ships and steamers come up the bay with decks black with human forms, and bulwarks lined with human faces, eagerly gazing at the shores of the promised land. As they pass the busy ferry-boats plying to and fro, the exultation of the immigrants at their arrival in this country bursts forth in loud cheers and huzzas. Yet these people come, for the most part, from a country whose rulers have pronounced the United States to be mob-ridden, bankrupt, and moribund, and whose leading journals describe us as a race of sharpers, drifting toward ruin and perdition. They come in the face of taxes nearly as heavy for the time as those of Great Britain itself, and in spite of a Conscription Act as sweeping as that of France. They come with the perfect knowledge that we are engaged in a fearful, deadly war—a war with our own fellow-countrymen, and that they may be compelled very soon after their arrival to take part in the struggle as private soldiers.

The fact is eminently suggestive. It is clear that the first cause of the large increase of immigration this year is the high rate of wages paid to all classes of workmen. At the present time, in this meridian, mechanics command their own terms, and common laborers receive as large pay as skilled mechanics did formerly. Labor has increased in value more than any other article; and hence, notwithstanding the advance in the price of all articles of consumption, the operative class are saving more money at present than they ever did before. This is the principal secret of the large influx of immigrants from Europe.

But another cause, which, though its operation is less obvious and less direct than the one which we have described, is none the less powerful, is the general consciousness throughout Europe, and especially throughout Great Britain, that the contest in which we are engaged is not merely a struggle between secession and Union, or between slavery and freedom, but is really the final decisive contest between free popular government on the one side, and government by an oligarchy or a monarch on the other. It is well understood by the democratic leaders in England—and they have so thoroughly explained the fact to the masses that no intelligent workman can remain ignorant—that our war is being waged to determine whether or no a democratic republican government can maintain itself against domestic insurrection. Half a century since the absolutists, and all the haters of liberty throughout the world, pointed to France as conclusive evidence that no republic could be stable, and predicted that a foreign war would be fatal to the United States. Two foreign wars have occurred since then, and each rather strengthened than weakened our country. Baffled on this point, the partisans of oligarchy and monarchy retreated, but did not succumb. Wait, they said, till domestic sedition shall arise and civil war break out in the United States, and then you will see how utterly incapable a republican government is to maintain itself, and how impossible it is for a great nation to preserve peace, law, and order without such stable institutions as a king or an aristocracy.

The event required has occurred. Civil dissensions have arisen, and war has actually broken out. For two years the partisans of privilege and the opponents of equal rights have fancied their visions were being realized. Because we did not crush the rebellion in sixty days, and because some six million people of our own race, kith, and kin, showed fight gallantly, and bore in patience sufferings unexampled in history, while we proceeded with our work steadily but very slowly, these enemies of human freedom, and these maligners of human capacity for self-government, have filled the world with their croaking over the failure of a republican form of government in the United States.

But they not only failed to dismay us—they have not even convinced their own people. In the humble dwellings of the operatives at Manchester, Leeds, Paisley, Glasgow, Rouen, and Lyons; among the peasantry of Ireland and Germany; in every assemblage of intelligent working-people in Europe, the lying taunts of the aristocracy and their organs are appreciated at their true value; and it is well and thoroughly understood that we—the people of the United States—are in reality fighting the battle of the working-man throughout the world—the great battle of human rights and manhood against aristocracy and privilege. Hence, in no small degree, the vast flocks of men from Ireland, England, and Germany who come here in search of a home in spite of war-taxes and conscription.

If, in the inscrutable policy of Heaven, it should be decreed that we be baffled in our purpose of restoring the Union, the cause of human liberty will suffer a blow of unexampled severity. As governments now stand, Switzerland and the United States are the only nations in which "a man's a man for a' that." Great Britain is ruled by a landed aristocracy; France, Austria, Russia, Turkey, China, and Brazil by despotic emperors; Spain and Italy by a combination between the aristocracy and the middle classes. Nowhere save here and in Switzerland does a man enjoy full rights of citizenship simply on the ground that he is "fashioned in the image of God." If the Government of the United States maintains itself and suppresses the present rebellion, the haters of liberty will be at once silenced, the problem of human capacity for self-government will be solved satisfactorily and conclusively, and no artifice of the emperors or kings or noblemen of Europe will avail to resist the pressure which will arise for governments like ours. Out of our success in 1776–'83 grew the French Revolution which convulsed Europe for twenty years. If we succeed now, a fresh—possibly a peaceful—revolution will begin, which will not end until the last monarch and oligarchy have been overthrown, and manhood universally recognized as the only real title to full citizenship.

If, on the contrary, we are defeated, and the slave power of the South succeeds in establishing a separate national existence, based upon human slavery and military power, the cause of the working-man and of human rights will be thrust back perhaps for several generations. If, with our advantages, our wealth, our resources, and our intelligence, we can not maintain a Government against domestic traitors, the oligarchs of Europe will well say that republics are impracticable, and human self-government a delusive dream. Wise men, even liberal men, in every country, will not unreasonably accept the fact, and make their policy square to it, by avoiding our example. In every country in the world the suffrage will be restricted, the privileged class strengthened, popular rights reduced, the burdens of the poor man increased, and his opportunities diminished. We shall have brought self-government and humanity itself into merited contempt.

It is, in part, to avert this dire calamity that the working-men of Europe are coming here in such vast numbers.

THE LOUNGER.

ANOTHER INTERCEPTED LETTER.

AMONG the intercepted letters of the day, the following is not without interest. It is a confidential communication from Baron Munchausen to George Psalmanazar:

MY DEAR GEORGE,—I am in great luck. I find myself among a people who are not only willing, but anxious to believe the wildest stories I can invent. I have only to devise the most ludicrous and obvious fiction, and preface it in the newspapers with—"it is said," or "it is reported," or "there is a rumor," or "a special dispatch from Washington states," or "we have it upon the best authority," or "we have confirmation from a perfectly reliable source," or "there is no doubt that," or "private advices have been received," or "it is perfectly well understood"—and this delightful people rubs its hands and goes to bed contented.

During the disastrous seven days' fighting upon the Peninsular last year I greatly comforted the public by "private," and "perfectly reliable," and "unquestionable," and "beyond all doubt," intelligence from a gentleman in Baltimore, that General Buell had arrived there with some fifty thousand men. The day after the battle of Antietam, the incredible day of total inaction which stole success from the victory of this Government, I consoled them again by "private," and "perfectly authentic," and etc., etc., etc., accounts from Washington, that General Sigel, with thirty thousand men, was moving along the south shore of the Potomac to cut off Lee's retreat. And just now, when Hooker was hard pressed, I launched the same old story that Heintzelman was reinforcing him with thirty thousand men, to my unspeakable amusement and to the infinite comfort of the most accommodating people I ever knew.

Last summer, to try what depths of gullibility there might be in this amiable folk, I declared that the disastrous seven days' fighting and retreat upon the Virginia peninsula was a masterly change of base. That, upon the whole, was the most colossal and complete story I had ever achieved, up to that time. My dear George, you will not believe me when I say that it was gravely accepted for some time, and that the Secretary of State actually wrote it in his dispatches to his foreign agents. But I have lately done better things, and I am sure of your pride in my performances. General Hooker lately made a movement which was unfortunate. After five days hard fighting and exposure and risk of communication, he fell back and occupied his old camp. It was certainly a happy event for the rebels, for it was the repulse of the army they most feared. What do you think I did? With sublime audacity, which you will appreciate, I announced that the rebel army were greatly demoralized by their—signal success! And this people swallowed it, George! And they thought it tasted good! And I loved them so for it that the next day I told them the Stars and Stripes waved over Richmond; and when they have sufficiently enjoyed that, I am going to announce that Professor Lowe has descended upon Richmond in a small balloon, has then reascended, having attached to his car the rebel state house containing Jeff Davis and his Cabinet, and, from a lofty height, has then dropped the whole concern into Chesapeake Bay. And, to crown the whole, I am going to say that the story came from Philadelphia. And this wonderful people will publish extras about it; and placard it on bulletins; and print it in enormous capitals with very open lines of comment and details; and we shall have letters from vessels in the bay saying that the rocking from the waves made by the great splash was perfectly perceptible; and the evening editions will have special dispatches informing us upon unimpeachable authority that Professor Lowe has already descended upon Charleston in the same way, and has effectually blocked the harbor by dumping the city into it; and, my dearest George, if I do not continue to beat the Devil's tattoo upon the back of this patient people, it will be only because there are no newspapers left, or because my name is not MUNCHAUSEN.

A VERY SIMPLE PLAN.

FOR all this maundering confusion mentioned in Munchausen's letter there is a very simple, obvious, and efficacious remedy. Let the Government announce every day precisely what official news of important movements it has received, and spare any amplification, or promise, or rhetoric. During the late movements, if it had stated every morning and evening the exact substance of official reports from head-quarters, or, in the absence of news, if it had announced that there was none, the public mind would have been much calmer and more satisfied. So, again, on the subsequent Sunday morning, when the story of the capture of Richmond was told, if the Government had established the simple and proper habit of telling all the truly important intelligence it had received, its silence would have effectively disposed of the rumor, and in the absence of Governmental confirmation the papers would have refrained from publishing what none of them believed to be true.

Because correspondents and purveyors of news continue to call choke apples peaches, in hope of improving the flavor, is there any reason that the Government should hesitate to tell us the truth? To be unsuccessful is bad enough; but to be unsuccessful and humbugged too is intolerable.

A WORD TO THE SOLDIERS.

WE assure every soldier into whose hands this paper may come, that the assertion made in one of the New York daily papers during the fearful battles upon the Rappahannock, that the people here were much more interested in a prize-fight of bullies somewhere in Maryland or Pennsylvania than in the success of the Virginia army or the fate of the country, is the foulest falsehood that was ever uttered. If they read carefully the same sheet in which it appeared they will see another statement that the true way to make peace is to compromise with the rebels.

Let every soldier understand clearly the effect if not the object of such statements. In the first place, they inspire confidence in the rebels by insinuating that loyal men have lost all interest in the war, and are willing to make any terms; in the second place, they tend to persuade the army that it is abandoned by the sympathy of its fellow-citizens; and in the third place, they convey to Europe the impression that the cause of the Government is hopeless.

The truth is, that there was never a more general and profound and intelligent interest than in the late movements upon the Rappahannock. The very paper which denied it refuted its own assertion by being mainly devoted to describing the battles. In every home circle, by every hearth in the Free States, except in Mozart Hall and the hearts of its supporters, there were the sincerest hopes, the most ardent prayers, for the success of the good cause and for the welfare of the good men who were defending it—followed by the most absorbing and painful anxiety, and sense of disappointment, which was not childish and crushing, as after Bull Run, but sober and manly, as of men who, if disappointed, are not dismayed, and if repulsed, are neither disgraced nor disheartened.

THE PRECISE POINT.

THE point in the debate upon the building and fitting of pirates in England which is constantly made by the Solicitor-General, Lord Palmerston, and all Englishmen unfriendly to this country here and elsewhere is this: that the law of England forbids such proceedings; that any friendly power may complain and ask to have the law enforced; but that the law must be enforced by the British authorities as every other law is, namely upon sufficient information supported by sufficient evidence.

Very well. Now let us suppose that this Government complains that ships are constantly built, manned, fitted, in English ports and sail from them to destroy our commerce. Let us then suppose that the information and evidence laid before the British authorities are technically insufficient, and that they consequently decline to act. What follows?

It follows that the law of England, enforced according to what the Solicitor-General calls "the established rules of jurisprudence" in that country, affords us no remedy. By his own showing, therefore—since he and Lord Palmerston both say that no new law and no new method of enforcement are to be expected—we must submit to the sweeping of our commerce from the ocean or take the remedy into our own hands.

The British Government, by the Solicitor-General and Lord Palmerston, says, "We are doing all that we can do, and he is a poor Englishman who, like Mr. Cobden, says we ought to do more." Our reply is, "All that you can do, then, does not meet our complaint." Great Britain shrugs her shoulders and rejoins: "That's none of my business."

No candid Englishman will deny that British built and equipped ships are preying upon the commerce of a friendly power. He will hardly deny that—if the British Government were also friendly—when it found that its laws as they stand did not offer sufficient redress, it would, upon fair representation of the facts, alter the laws to secure such redress. If it declined to alter them, after such representation, would it not be with the clearest consciousness that it compelled the friendly power either to submit to intolerable injury or to protect itself in the way that promised most surely and speedily to stop such ravages?

Is not the very object of the British neutral laws the protection of the rights of belligerents with whom she is friendly? But if, as no man with the *Alabama*, *Japan*, *Florida*, and the rest, before his eyes, will deny, these laws fail of their object, why should British ministers say so tartly that not a comma of the law shall be changed? Do they plead the enforcement of an inefficient law as a reason why we should submit to commercial ruin? If they suffer the law to remain inefficient it can be only because they are willing to see that result; and then, England has ceased to be a friendly power, and has no reason to complain if we treat her as an enemy.

CALLING NAMES.

THAT the controlling public sentiment of England is not averse to hostilities with us is tolerably clear. That the similar sentiment in this country wishes under our circumstances to avoid a war, if it be honorably possible, is equally evident. It is undeniable that we need all our force for the work in hand.

At such a juncture recrimination and taunting are childish. Great Britain, indeed, is no friend of ours in any sense. It is true that in many ways we co-operate with her in certain great processes of civilization. But we do it with the same haughty mutual jealousy with which differing sects in the same church regard each other. Yet if England is not our friend, neither have we been hers. Under the political leadership of those who are now threatening our Government, this country has often enough within the present generation taken a position which justly drew upon us the odium of the world. The Ostend Conference, for instance, was the most infamous political phenomenon in its intention since the partition of Poland. Three American ministers met in the dominion of a friendly power to plot the dismemberment of a third, to which at the time one of the ministers was accredited, and the country hastened to elect as its chief magistrate the one of the three conspirators who was first in position and least in capacity. We officially furnished Europe the right to sneer at us as a nation of buccaneers.

Of course all such men as these conspirators are now rebels or sympathizers with rebellion; and it was partly national shame at the position into

which they forced us by a long course of browbeating diplomacy which threw them out of power. It is true that they, the inveterate enemies of England in this country, are now supported by the sympathy of the commercial and aristocratic interest of England in their effort to ruin us. And why not? What more dangerous enemy can England have than a vast government which such men have controlled, and, so far as England knows, may control again? She has no sympathy with the rebels as such. She supports their cause only because their success is the ruin of a huge rival power.

It is not, therefore, in the least worth while to bandy epithets. England is, and except when her kings were pusillanimous tools of France, always has been, a cold, haughty, selfish power. But have we in our national capacity been so conspicuously disinterested, consistent, and modest as to challenge comparisons? Let us leave taunting aside, and if war there must be, let us be sure that England is wrong in the cause of war. Until her insolence infringes our rights her insolence is permissible. It is our duty to confine ourselves exclusively to the maintenance of our rights, and to vindicate them at such times and in such ways as shall seem wisest. Whether we or England have been the greatest national swash-bucklers may be a question. But there can be no question that for England under a plea of neutrality to destroy our commerce is an invasion of our rights; and for us to prevent her supplying our enemies under the same plea is not an invasion of British rights. So long as we claim to be a living sovereign power we can not tolerate either of these things. But surely we shall use our common sense in deciding how our rights may most wisely be maintained.

BELLIGERENT NEUTRALITY.

THE question of belligerent rights is one upon which neutrals and belligerents never have agreed, and never will agree. The public mind of England rages over the seizure of a ship suspected of carrying contraband, as if some outrage had been inflicted upon British rights. And yet the seizure of the *Peterhoff* is in strict consonance with the letter and spirit of the British dispatch, which declares that upon reasonable suspicion ships may be detained. To determine what is, abstractly, "reasonable suspicion," is, of course, a hopeless task. But by the necessity of the case the belligerent naval officer is created the judge. The matter is left to his discretion. If the suspicion which he considers to be reasonable turns out to be baseless, and he arrests an innocent ship, it is one of the vexatious but unavoidable chances of a neutral commerce in time of war. It is a case which requires, and should receive, the promptest acknowledgment, apology, and reparation from the belligerent government. If the suspicion of such an officer is incessant and incessantly causeless, his Government, acting in good faith, will remove him from a station for which his want of sagacity unfits him. But if his Government persists in keeping him upon a service in which he causelessly harasses an innocent neutral commerce, the Government clearly intends to invite difficulty with the neutral.

On the other hand, if a neutral power takes the risk, for reasons that satisfy it, of trading in contraband with a belligerent, it will happen that every ship sailing under that particular neutral flag in certain regions is, by the general conduct of the neutral, exposed to suspicion. Nor can it justly plead the frequency of detention under a suspicion which it has itself awakened. It is notorious that the sentiment of the trading class in England is friendly to the rebels. It is equally well known that almost every runner of the blockade sails under the English flag. It is no secret that foreign supplies reach the rebels through Mexico and Texas. Under these circumstances a trader under the British flag, in that direction, is obviously more liable to suspicion than a vessel under the Swedish or Italian flags. It is by no fault of ours that she is strictly watched. It is no fault of ours if, in many cases, the suspicion of a naval officer watching her should often become "reasonable"—so often, indeed, as to be exasperating to the trading interest which desires a virtual immunity. If the neutral were indeed neutral frequent detention would be a just grievance. But a neutral systematically dealing in contraband should not wince at the inevitable consequences. To play at the same time for the advantages of a neutral and a belligerent is a hazardous game. It certainly is not manly in him who attempts to carry water upon both shoulders to complain that he is in danger of getting wet.

If it shall appear that Admiral Wilkes has stopped the *Peterhoff*, or any other naval officer any other vessel, from pure wantonness or simple desire of annoyance, we hope that he may be summarily dealt with. But no man in his senses will claim that such a motive has been in the least established in any detention or seizure yet made.

LIBERTY AND PRIVILEGE.

IN a late discourse upon Edmund Burke, Mr. Richard O'Gorman alluded to the passage in Burke's speech on Conciliation with America, in which he says that, wherever there is slavery, "those who are free are by far the most proud and jealous of their freedom." The passage occurs in that part of the oration which is devoted to the consideration of the probable obstinacy of resistance upon the part of the colonies, and it is introduced by the remark that the spirit of religious dissent in the Northern colonies will make them fight, and although this disposition may be checked in the Southern by the prevalence of the Church of England, yet slavery will restore the balance, because wherever there is slavery those who are free are particularly proud of liberty, and may be expected to fight for it desperately. The liberty of which he is speaking is political, not personal, liberty.

This was one of the splendid generalizations and impressive prophecies in which great statesmen sometimes indulge, and which are so often brought to shame by experience. If Mr. O'Gorman did not tell his hearers of the melancholy and utter failure of the expectation of his great countryman's, we prefer to believe that, as a foreigner, he was ignorant of our history, than that, as an exile for the same political liberty, he was pandering to the meanest of all enterprises, a rebellion to perpetuate slavery.

The experience to which Burke prospectively appealed to sustain his assertion laughed his sophism to scorn. He uttered it in 1775, to dissuade Parliament from going to war by showing how fiercely slaveholders would fight for liberty. Four years afterward, in 1779, a Committee of the Continental Congress, appointed to take into consideration the circumstances of the Southern States, report that "the State of South Carolina ...... is unable to make any effectual efforts with militia, by reason of the great proportion of citizens necessary to remain at home to prevent insurrection among the negroes, and to prevent the desertion of them to the enemy; that the state of the country, and the great number of these people among them, expose the inhabitants to great danger from the endeavors of the enemy to excite them to revolt or desert."

As a matter of fact the slaveholding section, which, according to Burke, was to be so "proud and jealous of freedom" as to be formidable to the British arms, was the nest of Toryism in the Revolution. By the census of 1790 the Southern colonies had a population of 1,956,354; the Northern, 1,968,455. Of Continental troops the Southern colonies furnished 58,421; the Northern, 172,496. Of militia the Southern colonies furnished 12,719; the Northern, 46,018. These last are the figures authenticated by the War Office. By the "conjectural" returns the Southern colonies furnished two militia men to one from the Northern. Burke's was also a conjectural estimate.

That the Southerners fight well no one denies. That they fight well because they are slavedrivers is an assertion which is simply silly. Slavery being a system of barbarism, all who are subjected to its influence have a certain ferocity common to all semi-civilizations, and always attended with fear. But that is not "a high and haughty spirit of liberty," nor heroism, nor pride of freedom. When Burke spoke the Turks and Asiatics were slaveholders, and at once ferocious and cowardly; but Burke would hardly have contended that they were braver or had a prouder love of liberty than the British people. Privilege will always fight hard to defend itself. But it is a degradation of language to dignify attachment to privilege as a high love of liberty. Privilege is the denial of liberty; and therefore the party of liberty in the long-run always conquers that of privilege.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

MARRIED,

ON the 10th inst., by the Rev. Dr. Calculation, Mr. Timothy Economy to Miss Louisa Poverty. No Cards; no Fee; no Entertainment.

This is surely common sense—
To get a wife without expense.
Then all you can from that time save,
To keep until you reach the grave.

Please publish the above without charge, with the compliments of the groom.

An Irishman went into a public house one day, and asked for a mug of beer in a great hurry, stating that he was so dry that he thought he could drink a gallon. The publican told him if he would drink it at one draught, without taking the measure away from his lips, he should have it for nothing. "Agraid," said Pat; "and, be the holy Saint Pathrick, I'll do that same." The landlord then drew off a gallon of ale, and slyly slipping a red herring into the measure, handed it to Pat, who eagerly raised it to his mouth and drank away until the measure had been elevated almost perpendicular. The publican's eyes followed its motion in astonishment, and, looking in it, he exclaimed, shaking the froth out, "Pat, didn't you feel any thing going down with the beer when you drank it?" "Be jabers," said Pat, "I thowt I felt a hop, Sur."

BETTER THAN A DOZEN.—Crazy as George III. was said to have been, there was evidently a method in his madness at times. Speaking to Archbishop Sutton of his large family, he used the expression, "I believe your Grace has better than a dozen?" "No, Sir," replied the Archbishop, "only eleven." "Well," rejoined the King, "is not that better than a dozen?"

Widow Grizzle's husband lately died of cholera. In the midst of the most acute bodily pain, after the hand of death had touched him, and while writhing in agony, his gentle wife said to him, "Well, Mr. Grizzle, you needn't kick round so, and wear all the sheets out, if you are dying!"

We like fine writing when it is properly applied: so we appreciate the following burst of eloquence: "As the ostrich uses both legs and wings when the Arabian courser bounds in her rear—as the winged lightnings leap from the heavens when the thunder-bolts are loosed—so does a little boy rún when a big dog is after him."

At a Sunday-school the other afternoon, a bright-looking little fellow was asked: "What is conscience?" He answered very properly, "An inward monitor." And, "What is a monitor?" "Oh, one of the iron-clads!"

"Well, how do you like the looks of the varmint?" said a "southwester" to a "down-easter," who was gazing with round-eyed wonder, and evidently for the first time, at a huge alligator, with wide-open jaws, on the muddy banks of the Mississippi. "Wa'al," replied the Yankee, "he ain't what yeöu may call a *hansum* critter, but he's got a great deal of *openness* when he smiles!"

A university doctor desiring to see a bird-catcher exercise his employment accompanied him to the field. As soon as he saw the birds he hallooed in Latin, "There they are!" The birds took the alarm. The sportsman, indignant at the absurdity of the professor, told him of it in very plain terms. "My good friend," exclaimed the doctor, in great astonishment, "who would have imagined that those birds would have understood Latin?"

An old gouty gentleman, having lost a pair of capacious shoes, said that the worst wish he had was, that the shoes might fit the thief.

"How dreadful that cigar smells!" exclaimed a clerk to his companion. "Oh no; it's not the cigar that smells," was the reply. "What is it, then?" "Why, it's your nose that smells, of course."

When is a man thinner than a lath?—When he is *a-shaving*.

A QUESTION FOR CLASSICAL SCHOLARS.—Were the sacred fowls of the ancient Romans ever used for lay purposes?

All the women of the villages on the shores of the Gulf of Mexico are in the habit of swimming. The young ladies are all diving belles.

CONSUMPTION.—Two thin shoes make one cold, two colds an attack of bronchitis, two attacks of bronchitis one mahogany box.

The discovery has been made that without a mouth a man can neither eat, drink, talk, kiss the girls, nor chew tobacco.

When is a lobster like a mortar?—When it *casts its shell*.

There are two kinds of cats—one with nine lives, the other with nine tails. The former always fall upon their own feet, the latter upon others' backs.

When is a soldier like a baby?—When he is in *arms*.

Rank and fashion may be all very fine in times of peace, but rank and file must have precedence of them in time of war.

"Come here, my dear; I want to ask you all about your sister. Now tell me truly, has she got a beau?"
"No, it's the jan[illegible] she's got, the doctor says."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

The operations of the Army of the Potomac on the south side of the Rappahannock are [illegible] on page 331. General Hooker recrossed his army [illegible] on 4th and 5th, and part, at least, of his forces [illegible] their old camps. Some divisions are reported to have recrossed the river again; but of this we have no reliable information.

DEATH OF STONEWALL JACKSON.

General "Stonewall" Jackson was badly wounded in the arm at the battles of Chancellorsville, and had his arm amputated. The operation did not succeed, and pneumonia setting in, he died on the 10th inst., near Richmond, Virginia.

The losses in the battles appear to have been about ten thousand on each side.

GENERAL HOOKER'S ORDER TO HIS ARMY.

The following order has been issued by Major-General Hooker:

GENERAL ORDERS—No. 49.
HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
May 6, 1863.

The Major-General Commanding tenders to this army his congratulations on its achievements of the last seven days.

If it has not accomplished all that was expected the reasons are well known to the army.

It is sufficient to say they were of a character not to be foreseen or prevented by human sagacity or resources.

In withdrawing from the south bank of the Rappahannock before delivering a general battle to our adversaries, the army has given renewed evidence of its confidence in itself and its fidelity to the principles it represents.

In fighting at a disadvantage we would have been recreant to our trust, to ourselves, our cause, and our country. Profoundly loyal and conscious of its strength, the Army of the Potomac will give or decline battle whenever its interest or honor may demand.

It will also be the guardian of its own history and its own honor.

By our celerity and secrecy of movement our advance and passage of the rivers were undisputed, and on our withdrawal not a rebel returned to follow.

The events of the last week may swell with pride the hearts of every officer and soldier of this army.

We have added new laurels to its former renown. We have made long marches, crossed rivers, surprised the enemy in his intrenchments, and wherever we have fought we have inflicted heavier blows than we have received.

We have taken from the enemy five thousand prisoners and fifteen colors, captured and brought off seven pieces of artillery, and placed *hors de combat* eighteen thousand of his chosen troops. We have destroyed his dépôts filled with vast amounts of stores, damaged his communications, captured prisoners within the fortifications of his capital, and filled his country with fear and consternation.

We have no other regret than that caused by the loss of our brave companions, and in this we are consoled by the conviction that they have fallen in the holiest cause ever submitted to the arbitrament of battle.

By command of MAJOR-GENERAL HOOKER.
S. WILLIAMS, Assistant Adjutant-General.

GENERAL LEE'S ORDER.

The following address has been issued by General Lee to the army under his command:

GENERAL ORDERS—No. 59.
HEAD-QUARTERS, ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA.
May 7, 1863.

With heart-felt gratification the General Commanding expresses to the army his sense of the heroic conduct displayed by officers and men during the arduous operations in which they have just been engaged.

Under trying vicissitudes of heat and storm you attacked the enemy, strongly intrenched in the depths of a tangled wilderness, and again on the hills of Fredericksburg, fifteen miles distant, and, by the valor that has triumphed on so many fields, forced him once more to seek safety beyond the Rappahannock.

While this glorious victory entitles you to the praise and gratitude of the nation, we are especially called upon to return our grateful thanks to the only giver of victory for the signal deliverance He has wrought.

It is, therefore, earnestly recommended that the troops unite on Sunday next in ascribing to the Lord of Hosts the glory due unto His name.

Let us not forget in our rejoicing the brave soldiers who have fallen in defense of their country; and while we mourn their loss let us resolve to emulate their noble example.

The army and the country alike lament the absence for a time of one to whose bravery, energy, and skill they are so much indebted for success.

The following letter from the President of the Confederate States is communicated to the army as an expression of his appreciation of its success:

"I have received your dispatch, and reverently unite with you in giving praise to God for the success with which He has crowned our arms.

"In the name of the people I offer my cordial thanks to yourself and the troops under your command for this addition to the unprecedented series of great victories which your army has achieved.

"The universal rejoicing produced by this happy result will be mingled with a general regret for the good and brave who are numbered among the killed and the wounded." R. E. LEE, General.

STONEMAN'S RAID.

The success of General Stoneman's expedition is admitted by the rebels themselves. His forces were divided into three squadrons—one commanded by himself, and the others by Generals Averill and Buford. All performed their work gallantly by cutting the railroad communications between Lee's army and Richmond, and destroying all the bridges to within five miles of the rebel capital. One party of the cavalry went to Louisa Court House, cutting up the railroad there. Another pushed on to Columbia and Goochland, on the James River, breaking the canal at the former point, and capturing rebel stores at the latter. A portion of the force are said to have actually got within a mile and a quarter of Richmond. Of the brilliant movement of Colonel Kilpatrick's command General King says, in his official notice of his arrival at Gloucester Point: "They burned the bridges over the Chickahominy, destroyed three large trains of provisions in the rear of Lee's army, drove in the rebel pickets to within two miles of Richmond, and have lost only one lieutenant and thirty men, having captured and paroled upward of three hundred prisoners. They have marched nearly two hundred miles since the 3d of May. They were inside of the fortifications of Richmond on the 4th, burned all the stores at Aylett's Station on the Mattapony on the 5th, destroyed all the ferries over the Pamunky and Mattapony, and a large dépôt of commissary stores near and above the Rappahannock, and came in here in good condition."

AFFAIRS ON THE PENINSULA.

Our army on the Peninsula is not idle. All the bridges in the vicinity of White House have been destroyed. West Point is now occupied by our troops. General Dix, having returned to the fortress, reported that Colonels Fitzpatrick and Davis had reached Gloucester Point with 700 cavalry without losing a man.

GENERAL BUFORD'S RAID.

It is rumored that General Buford's light cavalry have gone as far as the Alleghany Ridge, in Western Virginia, and cut the Richmond and Tennessee Railroad in several places, destroying at the same time large quantities of rebel stores intended for the Army of the Southwest.

CAPTURE OF PORT GIBSON,

General Grant has captured Port Gibson and taken five hundred prisoners. He drove the enemy, eleven thousand strong, from the place after a hard contest. Our loss was only fifteen hundred in killed and wounded. The enemy retreated toward Vicksburg, destroying the bridges over the two forks of the Bayou Pierre. These were rebuilt, and the pursuit was continued. So General Grant telegraphs; and he also reports a brilliant feat of Colonel Grierson with his cavalry in Northern Mississippi, from whence he progressed rapidly southward, destroying bridges, railroads, locomotives, and stores of all kinds, and was at last accounts supposed to be on his way to Baton Rouge.

AND OF GRAND GULF.

The official report of Admiral Porter, recording his great success in the capture of Grand Gulf, Mississippi, was received at the Navy Department last week, and created much excitement in Washington. The possession of this point places the formidable rebel strong-holds at Vicksburg and Port Hudson at our mercy. Admiral Porter says that he now holds the door to Vicksburg. The fight lasted five hours and-a half. The forts were literally torn to pieces by the fire of our vessels, but all the guns captured by our forces were in good condition. The works at Grand Gulf were the most formidable ones the rebels possessed in the vicinity of Vicksburg. Admiral Porter is now remounting the guns. Many of the rebels who fled from Grand Gulf were captured by our pursuing forces.

GENERAL GRANT'S OPERATIONS.

A dispatch from Cairo on 11th says that, according to the Memphis *Bulletin*, Jackson is already invested, and that the rebels have no way of getting out of Vicksburg but by cutting their way through the national forces. A rebel dispatch from Jackson to Richmond, dated the 5th, says that the Union troops were repulsed the day previous at Anderson's Ferry, on the Big Black, after four hours' severe fighting.

AN UNSUCCESSFUL CAVALRY RAID.

General Braxton Bragg sends an official account to Richmond of our cavalry raid in Georgia. He describes the resistance offered to our troops as stubborn, and boldly maintained from point to point, resulting in the capture of Colonel Streight's command by General Forrest, near Rome. General Bragg claims one thousand six hundred prisoners, with all their horses and rifles.

A NEW REGIME IN NEW ORLEANS.

General Banks has been issuing some important general orders. One condemns to death all who supply aid to the enemy; another orders the registered enemies of the United States Government to leave the Department by the 10th of May, and another forbids sheriffs and others to conscript slaves for the rebel army, in pursuance of the action of the Louisiana Legislature.

THE CONSCRIPTION ACT.

The President has issued a Proclamation preliminary to the enforcement of the Conscription Act defining the position and obligations of inchoate citizens under that law. Persons of foreign birth who have declared their intentions to become citizens, are, by this proclamation, pronounced liable to be drafted, if after the expiration of sixty-five days from the date thereof they still remain within the territory of the United States.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

DEBATES ON AMERICAN AFFAIRS.

ON April 23d the Marquis of Clanricarde, in the House of Lords, called up the subject of the seizure of British merchant steamers while in the Matamoras trade, and inveighed against the proceedings of Admiral Wilkes. In the course of his remarks he also alluded to the fact that Minister Adams had granted a permit to a steamer carrying arms and munitions to the Mexicans, and characterized it as a most unwarrantable act. After remarks by other members, Earl Granville, on behalf of the Government, deprecated angry discussion on imperfect information, and the subject was dropped. In the House of Commons, Mr. Roebuck led off the debate on the same topics, and delivered himself of a strong philippic against the Northern dis-United States. Lord Palmerston gave assurances that the Government was giving due consideration to the matters discussed. The debate was continued in the House of Lords next day, when the Earl of Derby denounced the proceedings of the American Government as monstrous. The case of the *Alexandra* was also under discussion, and it was stated positively, on behalf of her builders, that she was not designed for the rebels. Earl Russell defended the policy of the Government, and other members denounced the absurd tirade of Roebuck.

MINISTER ADAMS'S EXPLANATION.

It is said in London that Mr. Adams, the United States Minister, has made a "frank explanation" respecting "ticket of leave" letters to the Mexican traders, and that no diplomatic protest on the part of England is necessary in consequence.

THE EMIGRATION QUESTION.

Earl Russell had called Mr. Adams's attention to the fact, that it was reported to the Government in London that Union agents were recruiting for the Federal army in Great Britain. A very interesting correspondence ensued on the subject. The large number of able-bodied young men leaving Cork by the Inman steamers was adduced by the Earl in support of the charge. Mr. Adams denied that United States agents were so employed, and quietly suggested that the "alleged distress" existing in Ireland might account for the emigration "phenomenon."

POLAND.

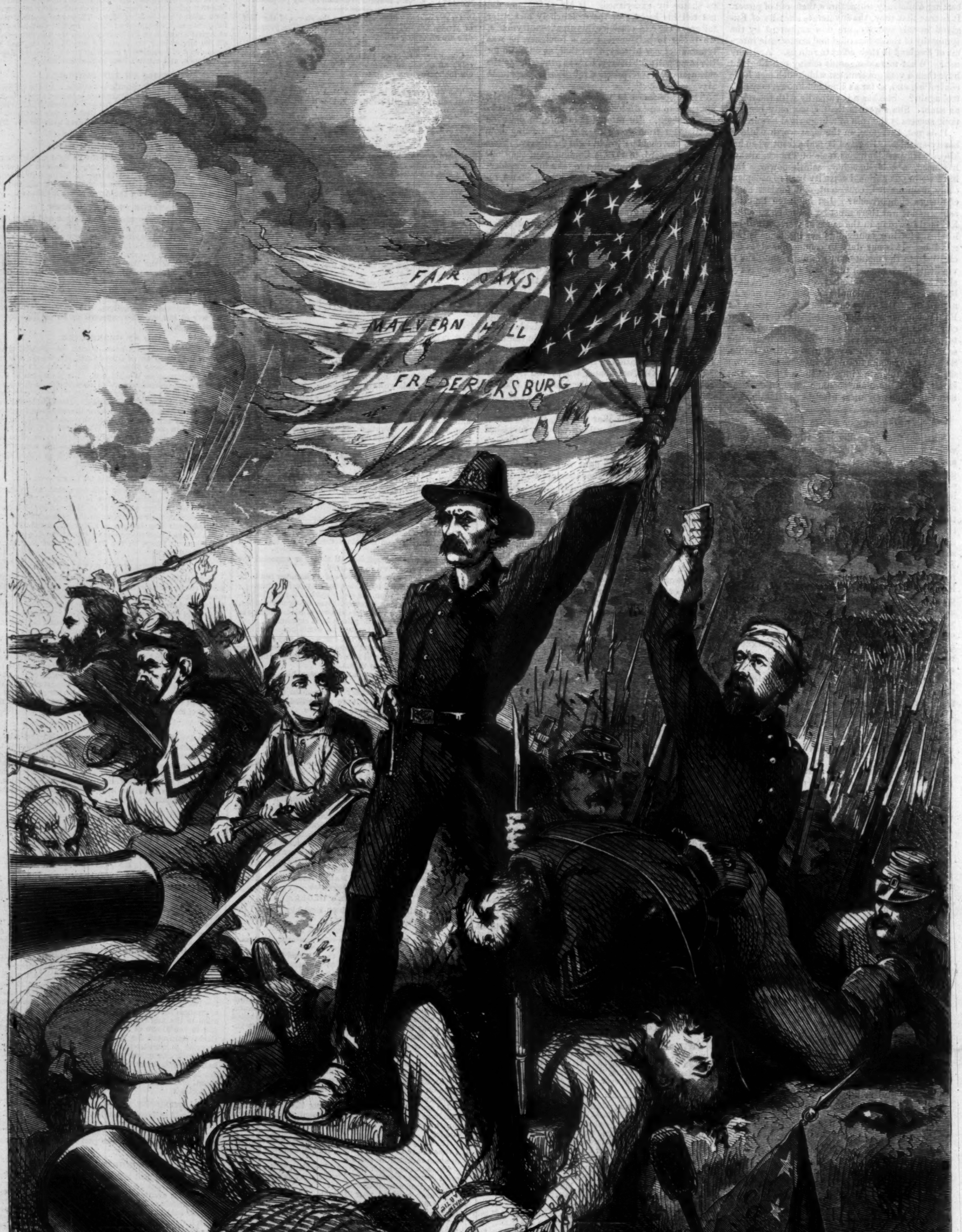
THE INSURRECTION.

Affairs in Poland remain unchanged. Russia has renewed her propositions to Prussia for an offensive and defensive alliance. A Russian courier has arrived in London, [illegible], it is supposed, the Czar's reply to Earl Russell's [illegible] Polish affairs.

MEXICO.

THE SIEGE OF PUEBLA.

The latest news from Mexico is to the 16th ult., by way of San Francisco, reporting the condition of affairs at Puebla to the 15th ult., at which time the French had gained nothing since the 6th. At that time they held six blocks in the city and the Castle of San Javier. They were bombarding some convents in the city, which they had failed to capture. General Comonfort still held the road between Puebla and the City of Mexico. General Ortega is confident that he can maintain Puebla against all the assaults of the French.

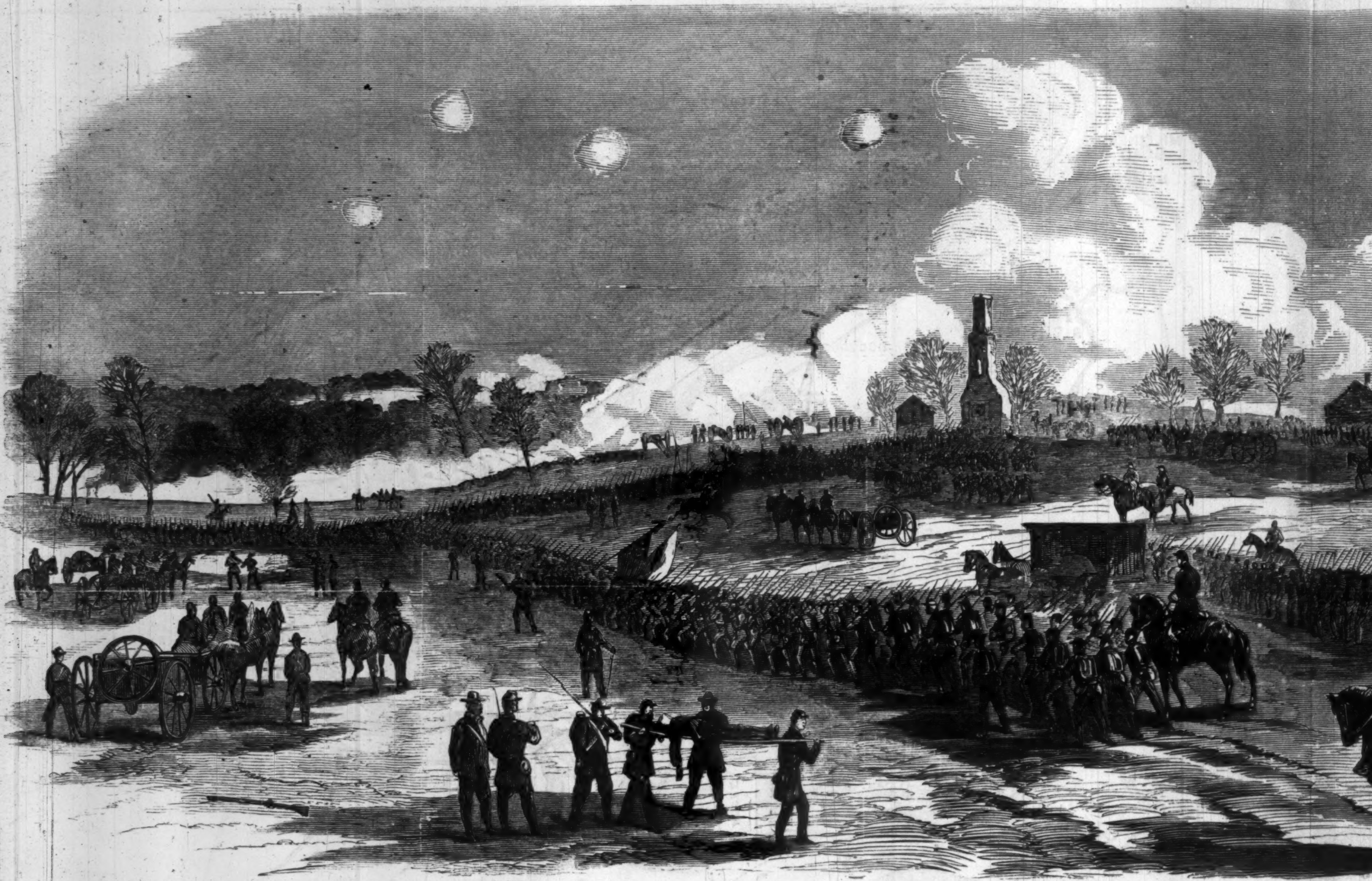


CAPTURE OF THE HEIGHTS OF FREDERICKSBURG BY THE SIXTH MAINE REGIMENT, OF SEDGWICK'S CORPS.—[See Page 331.]

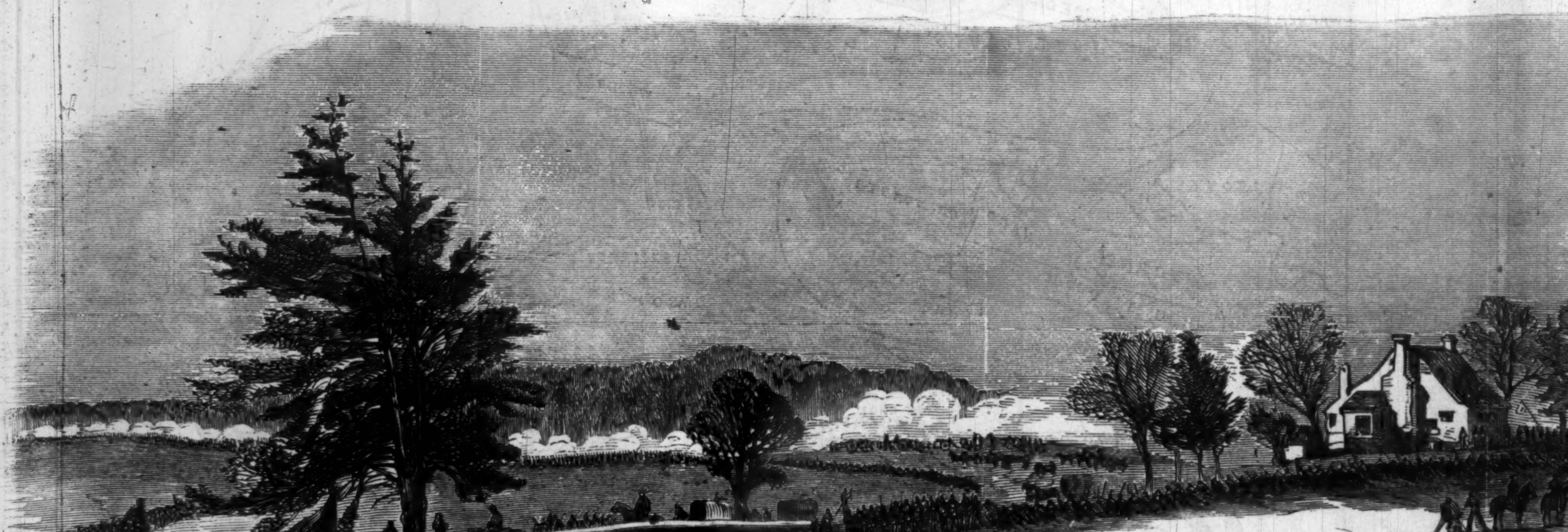
THE BATTLES AT CHANCELLORSVILLE—COUCH'S CORPS FORMING LINE OF BATTLE TO COVER THE RETREAT OF THE 11th CORPS, 2d MAY, 1863.—From a Sketch by Mr. A. R. Waud.—[See Page 331.]

MAP OF THE SEAT OF WAR IN VIRGINIA, SHOWING THE THEATRE OF OPERATIONS OF GENS. HOOKER, DIX, AND KEYES, AND THE SCENE OF GEN. STONEMAN'S RAID.

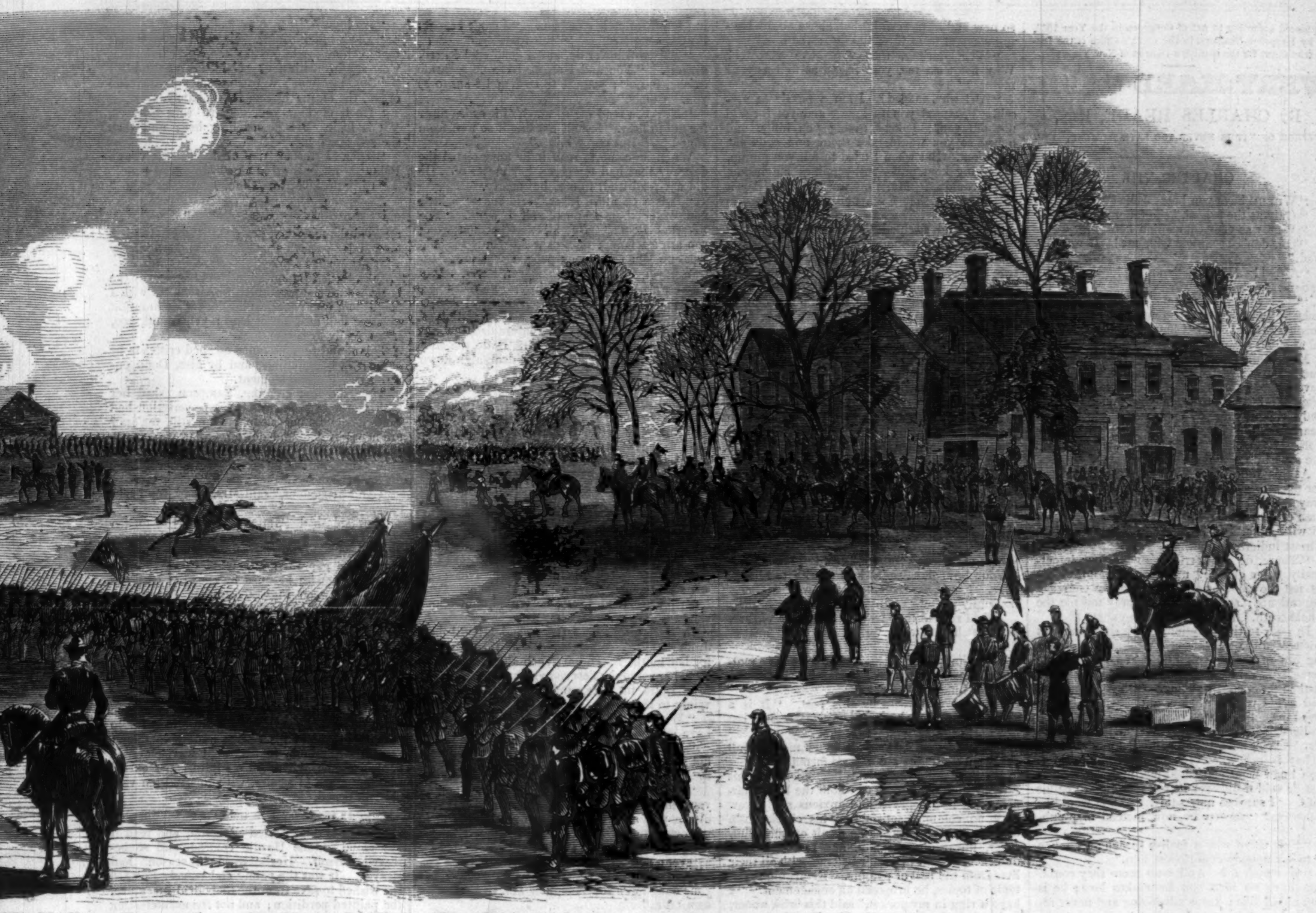
MAP OF THE MISSISSIPPI, FROM HAINES'S BLUFF TO BELOW GRAND GULF, SHOWING THE THEATRE OF GEN. GRANT'S AND ADMIRAL FARRAGUT'S OPERATIONS, ETC.



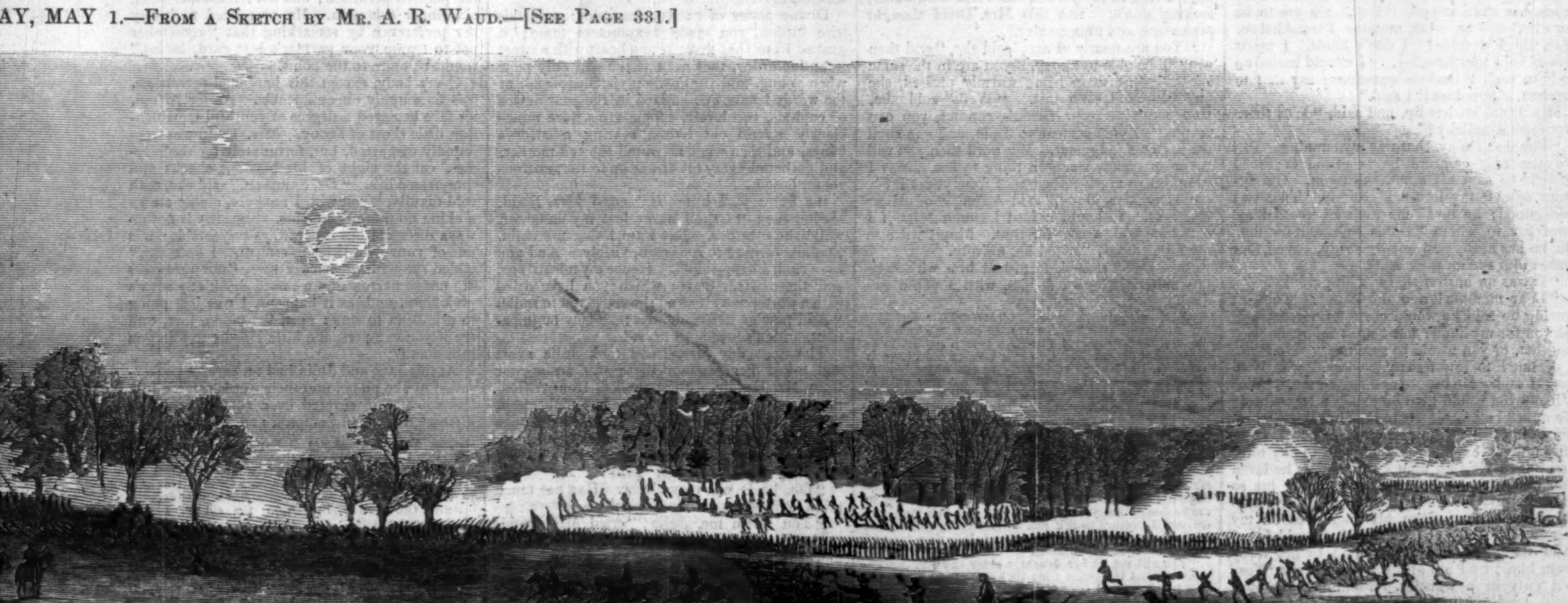
THE BATTLES AT CHANCELLORSVILLE—SCENE DURING THE DAY,



THE BATTLES AT CHANCELLORSVILLE—HOWARD'S HEAD-QUARTERS, AND POSITION OF THE RIG



AY, MAY 1.—From a Sketch by Mr. A. R. Waud.—[See Page 331.]



RIGHT OF THE LINE OF BATTLE, MAY 2.—From a Sketch by Mr. A. R. Waud.—[See Page 331.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1863, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

VERY HARD CASH.

By CHARLES READE, Esq.,

AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND," ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

"WHERE have you been, Julia?"

"Only at the school," she faltered.

"Who was your companion home?"

"Oh, don't be angry with me! It was Alfred."

"Alfred! His Christian name! You try my patience too hard."

"Forgive me! I was not to blame this time, indeed! indeed! You frighten me. What will become of me? What have I done to be looked at so?"

Mrs. Dodd groaned. "Was that young coquette I watched from my window the child I have reared? No face on earth is to be trusted after this? 'What have you done' indeed? Only risked your own mother's esteem, and nearly broken her heart." And with these words her own courage began to give way, and she sank into a chair with a deep sigh.

At this Julia screamed, and threw herself on her knees beside her, and cried, "Kill me! oh, pray kill me! but don't drive me to despair with such cruel words and looks!" and fell to sobbing so wildly that Mrs. Dodd altered her tone with almost ludicrous rapidity.

"There, do not terrify me with your impetuosity, after grieving me so. Be calm, child; let me see whether I can not remedy your sad imprudence; and, that I may, pray tell me the whole truth. How did this come about?"

In reply to this question, which she somewhat mistook, Julia sobbed out, "He met me c-coming out of the school, and asked to s-see me home. I said 'No, thank you,' because I th-thought of your warning. 'Oh yes!' said he, and *would* walk with me, and keep saying he loved me. So, to stop him, I said, 'M-m-much ob-liged, but I was b-busy and had no time to flirt.' 'Nor have I the in-in-clination,' said he. 'That is not what others say of you,' said I. You know what you t-told me, mamma. So at last he said d-did ever he ask any lady to be his wife. 'I suppose not,' said I, 'or you would be p-p-private property by now instead of p-public.'"

"Now there was a foolish speech; as much as to say nobody could resist him."

"W-wasn't it? And n-no more they could. You have no idea how he makes love; he is very unladylike: keeps advancing and never retreats, nor even st-ops. 'But I ask *you* to be my wife,' said he. Oh, mamma, I trembled so. Why did I tremble? I don't know. I made myself cold and haughty. 'I should make no reply to such ridiculous questions; say that to mamma, if you dare!' I said."

Mrs. Dodd bit her lip, and said, "Was there ever such simplicity?"

"Simple! Why, that was my cunning. You are the only creature he is afraid of; so I thought to stop his mouth with you. But instead of that my lord said, calmly, 'That was understood; he loved me too well to steal me from her to whom he was indebted for me.' Oh, he has always an answer ready. And that makes him such a p-p-pest."

"It was an answer that did him credit."

"Dear mamma! now did it not? Then at parting he said he would come to-morrow, and ask you for my hand; but I must intercede with you first, or you would be sure to say 'No.' So I declined to interfere: 'w-w-what was it to me?' I said. He begged and prayed me. 'Was it likely you would give him such a treasure as Me unless I stood his friend?' (For the b-b-brazen Thing turns humble now and then.) And oh, mamma, he did so implore me to pity him, and kept saying no man ever loved as he loved me, and with his begging and praying me so passionately, oh so passionately, I felt something warm drop from his poor eyes on my hand. Oh! oh! oh! oh! What could I do? And then, you know, I wanted to get away from him. So I am afraid I did just say 'Yes,' but only in a whisper. Mamma! my own, good, kind, darling mamma, have pity on him and on me!!! We love one another so."

A shower of tender tears gushed out in support of this appeal; and in a moment she was caught up with Love's mighty arms, and her head laid on her mother's yearning bosom. No word was needed to reconcile these two.

After a long silence, Mrs. Dodd said this would be a warning never to judge her sweet child from a distance again, or unheard. "And therefore," said she, "let me hear from your own lips how so serious an attachment could spring up? Why it is scarcely a month since you were first introduced at that ball."

"Mamma," murmured Julia, hanging her head, "you are mistaken. We knew each other before."

Mrs. Dodd looked all astonishment.

"Now I *will* make a clean breast of it," said Julia, impetuously, addressing some invisible obstacle. "I tell you I am sick of having secrets from my own mother." And with this out it all came.

She told the story of her heart better than I have. And, woman-like, dwelt on the depths of loyalty and delicate love she had read in Alfred's moonlit face that night at Henley. She said no eloquence could have touched her like it. "Mamma, something said to me, 'Ay, look at him well, for that is your husband; to be.'" She even tried to solve the mystery of her soi-disant sickness. "I was disturbed by a feeling so new and so powerful,* but, above all, by having a secret from you; the first; the last."

"Well, darling, then why have a secret? Why not trust me, your friend as well as your mother?"

"Ah! why, indeed? I am a puzzle to myself. I wanted you to know, and yet I could not tell you. I kept giving you hints, and hoped so you would take them, and *make* me speak out. But when I tried to tell you plump, something kept pull—pull—pulling me inside, and I couldn't. Mark my words! some day it will turn out that I am neither more nor less than a fool."

Mrs. Dodd slighted this ingenious solution. She said, after a moment's reflection, that the fault of this misunderstanding lay between the two. "I remember now I have had many hints. My mind must surely have gone to sleep. I was a poor simple woman who thought her daughter was to be always a child. And you were very wrong to go and set a limit to your mother's love. There is none—none whatever." She added: "I must import a little prudence and respect for the world's opinion into this new connection; but whoever you love shall find no enemy in me."

Next day, Alfred came to know his fate. He was received with ceremonious courtesy. At first he was a good deal embarrassed, but this was no sooner seen than it was relieved by Mrs. Dodd with tact and gentleness. When her turn came, she said, "Your papa? Of course you have communicated this step to him?"

Alfred looked a little confused, and said, "No: he left for London two days ago, as it happens."

"That is unfortunate," said Mrs. Dodd. "Your best plan would be to write to him at once. I need hardly tell you that we shall enter no family without an invitation from its head."

Alfred replied that he was well aware of that, and that he knew his father, and could answer for him.

"No doubt," said Mrs. Dodd; "but as a matter of reasonable form, I prefer he should answer for himself."

Alfred would write by this post. "It is a mere form," said he, "for my father has but one answer to his children, 'Please yourselves.' He sometimes adds, 'and how much money shall you want?' These are his two formulæ."

He then delivered a glowing eulogy on his father; and Mrs. Dodd, to whom the boy's character was now a grave and anxious study, saw with no common satisfaction his cheek flush, and his eyes moisten, as he dwelt on the calm, sober, unvarying affection, and reasonable indulgence, he and his sister had met with all their lives from the best of parents. Returning to the topic of topics, he proposed an engagement. "I have a ring in my pocket," said this brisk wooer, looking down. But this Mrs. Dodd thought premature and unnecessary.

"You are nearly of age," said she, "and then you will be able to marry, if you are in the same mind." But, upon being warmly pressed, she half conceded even this. "Well," said she, "on receiving your father's consent, you can propose an engagement to Julia, and she shall use her own judgment. But until then you will not even mention such a thing to her. May I count on so much forbearance from you, Sir?"

"Dear Mrs. Dodd," said Alfred, "of course you may. I should indeed be ungrateful if I could not wait a post for that. May I write to my father here?" added he, naïvely.

Mrs. Dodd smiled, furnished him with writing materials, and left him, with a polite excuse.

"ALBION VILLA, *Sept.* 29.

"MY DEAR FATHER,—You are too thorough a man of the world, and too well versed in human nature, to be surprised at hearing that I, so long invulnerable, have at last formed a devoted attachment to one whose beauty, goodness, and accomplishments I will not now enlarge upon; they are indescribable, and you will very soon see them and judge for yourself. The attachment, though short in weeks and months, has been a very long one in hopes, and fears, and devotion. I should have told you of it before you left, but in truth I had no idea I was so near the goal of all my earthly hopes. There were many difficulties, but these have just cleared away almost miraculously, and nothing now is wanting to my happiness but your consent. It would be affectation, or worse, in me to doubt that you will grant it. But in a matter so delicate, I venture to ask you for something more. The mother of my ever and only beloved Julia is a lady of high breeding and sentiments.

"She will not let her daughter enter any family without a cordial invitation from its head. Indeed, she has just told me so. I ask, therefore, not your bare consent, of which I am sure, since my happiness for life depends on it, but a consent so gracefully worded—and who can do this better than you?—as to gratify the just pride and sensibilities of the high-minded family about to confide its brightest ornament to my care.

"My dear father, in the midst of felicity almost more than mortal, the thought has come that this letter is my first step toward leaving the paternal roof under which I have been so happy all my life, thanks to you. I should indeed be unworthy of all your goodness if this thought caused me no emotion.

"Yet I do but yield to Nature's universal law. And, should I be master of my own destiny, I will not go far from you. I have been unjust to Barkington; or rather I have echoed, without thought, Oxonian prejudices and affectation. On mature reflection, I know no better residence for a married man.

"Do you remember about a year ago you mentioned a Miss Lucy Fountain to us as 'the most perfect gentlewoman you had ever met?' Well, strange to say, it is that very lady's daughter; and I think when you see her you will say the breed has any thing but declined, in spite of Horace and his 'damnosa quid non.' Her brother is my dearest friend, and she is Jenny's; so a more happy alliance for all parties was never projected.

"Write to me by return, dear father, and believe me

"Ever your dutiful and grateful son,

"ALFRED HARDIE."

As he concluded Julia came in, and he insisted on her reading this master-piece. She hesitated. Then he told her with juvenile severity that a good husband always shares his letters with his wife.

"His wife? Alfred!" and she colored all over. "Don't call me names," said she, turning it off, after her fashion. "I can't bear it: it makes me tremble. With fury."

"This will never do, sweet one," said Alfred, gravely. "You and I are to have no separate existence, now; you are to be I, and I am to be you. Come!"

"No; you read me so much of it as is proper for me to hear. I shall not like it so well from your lips. But never mind."

When he came to read it, he appreciated the delicacy that had tempered her curiosity. He did not read it all to her, but nearly.

"It is a beautiful letter," said she; "a little pompouser than mamma and I write. 'The Paternal Roof!!' But all that becomes you; you are a scholar: and, dear Alfred, if I should separate you from your papa, I will never estrange you from him; oh, never, never. May I go for my work? for methinks, O most erudite, the 'maternal dame,' on domestic cares intent, hath confided to her offspring the recreation of your highness." The gay creature dropped him a courtesy and fled to tell Mrs. Dodd the substance of "the sweet letter the dear high-flown Thing had written."

By then he had folded and addressed it; she returned and brought her work; charity children's gray cloaks: her mother had cut them, and in the height of the fashion, to Jane Hardie's dismay—and Julia was trimming, hemming, etcetering them.

How demurely she bent her lovely head over her charitable work, while Alfred poured his tale into her ears! How careful she was not to speak, when there was a chance of his speaking! How often she said one thing so as to express its opposite, a process for which she might have taken out a patent! How she and Alfred compared heart-notes, and their feelings at each stage of their passion. Their hearts put forth tendril after tendril, and so curled, and clung round each other.

In the afternoon of the second blissful day, Julia suddenly remembered that this was dull for her mother. To have such a thought was to fly to her; and she flew so swiftly that she caught Mrs. Dodd in tears, and trying adroitly and vainly to hide them.

"What is the matter? I am a wretch. I have left you alone."

"Do not think me so peevish, love! you have but surprised the natural regrets of a mother at the loss of her child."

"Oh, mamma," said Julia, warmly, "and do you think all the marriage in the world can ever divide you and me, can make me lukewarm to my own sweet, darling, beautiful, blessed, angel, mother? Look at me, I am as much your Julia, as ever; and shall be while I live. It's a son who is a son only till he gets him a wife: but your daughter's your daughter ALL THE DAYS OF HER LIFE."

Divine power of native eloquence; with this trite distich, you made hexameters tame; it gushed from that great young heart with a sweet infantine ardor, that even virtue can only pour when young, and youth when virtuous; and, at the words I have emphasized by the poor device of capitals, two lovely, supple arms were minaciously spread out like a soaring albatross's wings, and then went all round the sad mother, and gathered every bit of her up to the generous young bosom.

"I know it, I know it," cried Mrs. Dodd, kissing her; "I shall never lose my daughter, while she breathes. But I am losing my child. You are turning to a woman, visibly. And you were such a happy child. Hence my misgivings, and these weak tears; which you have dried with a word; see!" And she contrived to smile. "And now go down, dearest: he may be impatient. Men's love is so fiery."

The next day Mrs. Dodd took Julia apart and asked her whether there was an answer from Mr. Hardie. Julia replied, from Alfred, that Jane had received a letter last night, and, to judge by the contents, Mr. Hardie must have left London before Alfred's letter got there. "He is gone to see poor Uncle Thomas."

"Why do you call him 'poor?'"

"Oh, he is not very clever. Has not much mind, Alfred says, indeed, hardly any."

"You alarm me, Julia!" cried Mrs. Dodd, "what? madness in the family you propose to marry into?"

"Oh no, mamma," said Julia, in a great hurry; "no madness; only a little imbecility."

Mrs. Dodd's lip curved at this, Julia's answer; but just then her mind was more drawn to another topic. A serious doubt passed through her, whether, if Mr. Hardie did not write soon, she ought not to limit his son's attendance on her daughter. "He follows her about like a little dog," said she, half fretfully.

Next day, by previous invitation, Dr. Sampson made Albion Villa his head-quarters. Darting in from London he found Alfred sitting very close to Julia over a book.

"Lordsake!" cried he. "Here's 'my puppy,' and 'm' enthusiast, cheek by chowl." Julia turned scarlet, and Alfred ejaculated so loudly that Sampson inquired what on airth was the matter now?

"Oh, nothing; only here have I been jealous of my own shadow, and pestering her who 'your puppy' was; and she never would tell me. All I could get from her," added he, turning suddenly from gratitude to revenge, "was—that he was no greater a puppy than yourself, doctor."

"Oh, Alfred, no; I only said no vainer," cried Julia in dismay.

"Well, it is true," said Sampson, contentedly, and proceeded to dissect himself just as he would a stranger. "I am a vain man; a remarkably vain man. But then I'm a man of great mirit."

"All vain people are that," suggested Alfred, dryly.

"Who should no better than you, young Oxford? Y' have got a hidache."

"No indeed."

"Don't tell lies now. Ye can't deceive me; man, I've an eye like a hawk. And what's that y'ere studing with her? Ovid, for a pound."

"No, medicine; a treatise on your favorite organ, the brain; by one Dr. Whately."

"He is chaffing you, doctor," said Edward, "it is logic. He is coaching her; and then she will coach me."

"Then I forbid the chaff-cutting, young Pidant. Logic is an ill plaster to a sore head."

"Oh, 'the labor we delight in, physics pain.'"

"Jinnyus, Jinnyus;
Take care o' your earknes,"

retorted the master of doggrel. "And that is a profounder remark than you seem to think by your grinning, all of ye."

Julia settled the question by putting away the book. And she murmured to Alfred, "I wish I could steal your poor dear headaches: you might give me half of them at least; you would, too, if you really loved me."

This sound remonstrance escaped criticism by being nearly inaudible, and by Mrs. Dodd entering at the same moment.

After the first greeting, Sampson asked her with merry arrogance how his perscription had worked? "Is her sleep broker still, ma'am? are her spirits up and down? Shall we have to go back t' old Short and his black draught? How's her mukis membrin? An her biliary ducks, an—she's off like a flash."

"And no wonder," said Mrs. Dodd, reproachfully.

Thus splashed Sampson among the ducks. One of them did not reappear at all till dinner. Jane Hardie accompanied her brother by invitation. The general amity was diversified, and the mirth nowise lessened by constant passages of arms between Messrs. Sampson and Alfred Hardie; these were characteristic, and a few dried specimens will be laid before the reader at a proper time.

After tea came the first contretemps. Sampson liked a game of cards. He could play, yet talk chronothermalism, as the fair can knit babies' shoes and imbibe the poetasters of the day.

Mrs. Dodd had asked Edward to bring a fresh pack. He was seen by his guardian angel to take them out of his pocket and undo them; presently Sampson, in his rapid way, clutched hold of them; and found a slip of paper curled round the ace of spades, with this written very clear in pencil,

REMEMBER THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH.

"What is this?" cried Sampson, and read it out aloud. Jane Hardie colored, and so betrayed herself. Her "word in season" had strayed. It was the young and comely Edward she wished to save from the diabolical literature, the painted perdition; and not the uninteresting old sinner Sampson. He proceeded to justify her preference by remarking that "remember not to trump your partner's best card, ladies," would be more to the point.

Every body, except this hardened personage, was thoroughly uncomfortable. As for Alfred, his face betrayed a degree of youthful mortification little short of agony. Mrs. Dodd was profoundly disgusted, but, fortunately for the Hardies, caught sight of his burning cheeks and compressed lips. "Dr. Sampson," said she, with cold dignity, "you will, I am sure, oblige me by making no more comments. Sincerity is not always discreet; but it is always respectable: it is one of your own titles to esteem. I dare say," added she with great sweetness, "our resources are not so narrow that we need shock any body's prejudices, and, as it happens, I was just going to ask Julia to sing: open the piano, love, and try if you can persuade Miss Hardie to join you in a duet."

At this Jane and Julia had an earnest conversation at the piano, and their words uttered in a low voice were covered by a contemporaneous discussion between Sampson and Mrs. Dodd.

Jane. No, you must not ask me. I have forsworn these vanities. I have not opened my piano this two years.

Julia. Oh, what a pity; music is so beautiful. And surely we can choose our songs, as easily as our words; ah, how much more easily.

Jane. Oh, I don't go so far as to call music wicked: but music in society is *such* a snare. At least I found it so. My playing was highly praised; and that stirred up vanity: and so did my singing, with which I had even more reason to be satisfied. Snares! snares!

Julia. Dear me! I don't find them so. Now you mention it, gentlemen do praise one, but, dear me, they praise every lady, even when they have been singing every other note out of tune. The little unmeaning compliments of society, can they catch any thing so great as a soul.

Jane. I pray daily not to be led into temptation, and shall I go into it of my own accord?

Julia. Not if you find it a temptation. At that rate I ought to decline?

Jane. That doesn't follow. My conscience is not a law to yours. Besides your mamma said "sing;" and a parent is not to be disobeyed upon a doubt. If Papa were to insist on my going to a ball even, or reading a novel, I think I should obey; and lay the whole case before Him.

Mrs. Dodd (from a distance). Come, my dears, Doctor Sampson is getting so impatient for your song.

Sampson. Hum! for all that, young ladies' singing is a poor substitute for cards, and even for conversation.

Mrs. Dodd. That depends upon the singer, I presume.

Sampson. Mai—dear—madam, they all sing alike; just as they all write alike. I can hardly tell one fashionable tune from another; and nobody can tell one word from another, when they cut out all the consonants. N' listen me. This is what I heard sung by a lady last night,

Ee un Da'ei u aa an oo.
By oo eeeyee aa
Vaullee, Vaullee, Vaullee, Vaullee,
Vaullee om is igh eeaa
An ellin in is ud.

Mrs. Dodd. That sounds like gibberish!

Sampson. It is gibberish; but it's Drydenish in articulating mouths. It is

He sung Darius great and good
By too severe a fate
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high estate
And weltering in his blood.

Mrs. Dodd. I think you exaggerate. I will answer for Julia that she shall speak as distinctly to music as you do in conversation.

Sampson (All unconscious of the tap). Time will show, madam: At prisent they seem to be in no hurry to spatter us with their word-jelly. Does some spark of pity linger in their marble bosms? or do they prefer inaudble chit-chat 4' inarticulate mewin?

* Perhaps even this faint attempt at self-analysis was due to the influence of Dr. Whately. For, by nature, young ladies of this age seldom turn the eye inward.

Julia, thus pressed, sang one of those songs that come and go every season. She spoke the words clearly, and with such variety and intelligence, that Sampson recanted, and broke in upon the—"very pretty"—"how sweet"—and "who is it by?" of the others, by shouting, "Very weak trash very cleanly sung. Now give us something worth the wear and tear of your orgins. Immortal vairse widded t' immortal sounds; that is what I understand b' a song."

Alfred whispered, "No, no, dearest, sing something suitable to you and me."

"Out of the question. Then go farther away, dear; I shall have more courage."

He obeyed, and she turned over two or three music books; and finally sang from memory. She cultivated musical memory, having observed the contempt with which men of sense visit the sorry pretenders to music who are tuneless and songless among the nightingales, and any where else away from their books. How will they manage to sing in heaven? Answer me that!

The song Julia Dodd sang on this happy occasion, to meet the humble but heterogeneous views of Messrs. Sampson and Hardie, was a simple eloquent Irish song called Aileen aroon. Whose history, by-the-by, was a curious one. Early in this century it occurred to somebody to hymn a son of George the Third for his double merit in having been born, and going to a ball. People who thus apply the fine arts in modern days are seldom artists; accordingly this parasite could not invent a melody; so he coolly stole Aileen aroon, soiled it by inserting sordid and incongruous jerks into the refrain, and called the stolen and adulterated article Robin Adair. An artisan of the same kidney was soon found to write words down to the degraded ditty: and, so strong is Flunkyism, and so weak is Criticism in these islands, that the polluted tune actually superseded the clean melody, and this sort of thing, "Who was in uniform at the ball? Silly Billy!" smothered the immortal lines.

But Mrs. Dodd's severe taste in music rejected those ignoble jerks, and her enthusiastic daughter having the option to hymn immortal Constancy, or mortal Fact, decided thus:

When like the early rose
Aileen aroon,
Beauty in childhood glows,
Aileen aroon,
When like a diadem,
Buds blush around the stem,
Which is the fairest gem?
Aileen aroon.

Is it the laughing eye?
Aileen aroon,
Is it the timid sigh?
Aileen aroon,
Is it the tender tone,
Soft as the stringed harp's moan?
No; it is Truth alone,
Aileen aroon.

I know a valley fair,
Aileen aroon,
I know a cottage there,
Aileen aroon.
Far in that valley's shade,
I know a gentle maid,
Flower of the hazel glade,
Aileen aroon.

Who in the song so sweet?
Aileen aroon.
Who in the dance so fleet?
Aileen aroon
Dear are her charms to me,
Dearer her laughter free,
Dearest her constancy,
Aileen aroon.

Youth must with time decay,
Aileen aroon,
Beauty must fade away,
Aileen aroon.
Castles are sacked in war,
Chieftains are scattered far,
Truth is a fixed star,
Aileen aroon.

The way the earnest singer sang these lines is beyond the conception of ordinary singers, public or private. Here one of nature's orators spoke poetry to music with an eloquence as fervid and delicate as ever rung in the forum. She gave each verse with the same just variety, as if she had been reciting, and when she came to the last, where the thought rises abruptly, and is truly noble, she sang it with the sudden pathos, the weight, and the swelling majesty, of a truthful soul hymning truth with all its powers.

All the hearers, even Sampson, were thrilled, astonished, spell-bound: so can one wave of immortal music and immortal verse (alas! how seldom they meet!) heave the inner man when genius interprets. Judge, then, what it was to Alfred, to whom, with these great words and thrilling tones of her rich, swelling, ringing voice, the darling of his own heart vowed constancy, while her inspired face beamed on him like an angel's.

Even Mrs. Dodd, though acquainted with the song, and with her daughter's rare powers, gazed at her now with some surprise, as well as admiration, and kept a note Sarah had brought her, open, but unread, in her hand, unable to take her eyes from the inspired songstress. However, just before the song ended, she did just glance down, and saw it was signed Richard Hardie. On this her eye devoured it; and in one moment she saw that the writer declined, politely but peremptorily, the proposed alliance between his son and her daughter.

The mother looked up from this paper at that living radiance and incarnate melody in a sort of stupor: it seemed hardly possible to her that a provincial banker could refuse an alliance with a creature so peerless as that. But so it was; and despite her habitual self-government, Mrs. Dodd's white hand clenched the note till her nails dented it; and she reddened to the brow with anger and mortification.

Julia, whom she had trained never to monopolize attention in society, now left the piano in spite of remonstrance, and soon noticed her mother's face; for from red it had become paler than usual. "Are you unwell, dear?" said she, sotto voce.

"No, love."

"Is there any thing the matter, then?"

"Hush! We have guests: our first duty is to them." With this Mrs. Dodd rose, and, endeavoring not to look at her daughter at all, went round and drew each of her guests out in turn. It was the very heroism of courtesy; for their presence was torture to her. At last, to her infinite relief, they went, and she was left alone with her children. She sent the servants to bed, saying she would undress Miss Dodd: and accompanied her to her room. There the first thing she did was to lock the door; and the next was to turn round and look at her full.

"I always thought you the most lovable child I ever saw; but I never admired you as I have to-night; my noble, my beautiful daughter, who would grace the highest family in England!" With this Mrs. Dodd began to choke, and kissed Julia eagerly with the tears in her eyes, and drew her with tender defiance to her bosom.

"My own mamma," said Julia, softly, "what has happened?"

"My darling," said Mrs. Dodd, trembling a little, "have you pride? have you spirit?"

"I think I have."

"I hope so: for you will need them both. Read that!" And she offered Mr. Hardie's letter with averted head.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

We devote the bulk of our space this week to illustrations of the recent campaign of the Army of the Potomac. On page 324 we give the Capture of the Heights of Fredericksburg by General Sedgwick—a drawing by Thomas Nast. The following, from the *Times* correspondence, describes the transaction:

It was now eleven o'clock; continuous fighting had been going on for full six hours, and the rebels still held their works. General Sedgwick now determined on having the "Light Brigade" charge the heights. Colonel Burnham, commanding, moved his forces along under the protection of abandoned earth-works, and the hill-side formed by the sloping down of the plain near the city, until he had arrived directly in front of the most formidable position, known as the "Slaughter Pen." Knapsacks and any article of clothing which might impede their rapid movement were cast aside by the men, and they were deployed out in the following order: one half of the Fifth Wisconsin, Colonel Allen, as skirmish line; Thirty-first New York, Colonel Jones, on the left; Sixth Maine, Lieutenant-Colonel Harris commanding, and the remaining portion of the Fifth, in the rear of and supporting the Thirty-first at the same time. At the same time a force consisting of the Forty-third New York and Sixty-first Pennsylvania, and one or two other regiments, were sent up the road at the right of the stone-wall. Going on to the regiments of the Light Brigade, prepared for a charge, were the Thirty-sixth New York and Seventh Massachusetts, and still further on other regiments. At twenty minutes past eleven the lion-hearted men rose from their feet. Every one of the thousand spectators on the hills in the rear held their breath in terrible suspense, expecting to see them all the next moment prostrate in the dust. "Forward!" cried the General, and they dashed forward on the open plain, when instantly there was poured upon them a most terrific discharge of grape and canister. Many lay dead, but not one faltered. Full 400 yards must be passed over before gaining the stone-wall. As they press forward, delivering the battle-cheer, which is heard above the roar of artillery, the rebel guns further to the left are turned upon them. But they falter not. A moment more they have reached the stone-wall, scaled its sides, are clambering the green bank of the bluff, and precisely as the city clock struck they rush over the embrasure of the rebel guns, and the Heights are ours. The enemy, with the exception of the cannoniers, fled in wild confusion, secreting themselves in the houses, woods, and wherever a place of concealment was afforded. The guns captured proved to be the Washington Artillery, the battery so highly complimented by General Lee in his report of the last battle of Fredericksburg, and which has figured more or less since the outbreak of the rebellion. "What men are these?" was the interrogatory of one of the astonished and terrified members, as our brave boys appeared over the ramparts. "We are Yankees, —— —— you; do you think we will fight now?" was the response from one of our men. "Boys," remarked the commander of the battery, "you have captured the best battery in the Confederate service." The Sixth Maine were the first regiment to reach the scene. Lieutenant-Colonel Harris, with unparalleled bravery, rushed right up to the mouth of one as it was belching away, and through the mist and smoke his form could just be discerned as he cheered his men forward. He, together with Captain Furlong, were the first to lay hold of the rebel pieces.

On pages 328 and 329 we illustrate the Fight at Chancellorsville, on May 1, from a sketch by Mr. A. R. Waud. This affair is thus described in the *Herald* correspondence:

About two o'clock on Friday afternoon the enemy were discovered advancing in force down both the old turnpike and the plank road, thus approaching our position nearly from the east. Although these two roads enter Chancellorsville at right angles—one from the east direct, and the other from the south—they join and make a single road near Tabernacle Church. When the discovery was made of the approach of the enemy, General Hooker immediately returned to his head-quarters at Chancellorsville and made his dispositions to meet them. It was yet uncertain whether the attack would come from the east or south, and it was therefore necessary to be in readiness at both points. With this purpose the Fifth Corps, Major-General Meade, was formed on the front facing the east, Sykes's division of regulars occupying a line north of the old turnpike road, and the other two divisions taking the line of the Banks Ford road, on the left of Sykes. The Second Corps, Major-General Couch, was held in reserve to support the right wing of this line, and the Second Division, Major-General Berry, of the Third Corps, Major-General Sickles, to support the left.

On our south front two corps—the Eleventh, Major-General Howard, and the Twelfth, Major-General Slocum—were deployed, the latter in double line of battle, with its left resting on the plank road, and the former on the right of the Twelfth. The two remaining divisions of Sickles's corps—the First, Brigadier-General Birney, and the Third, Brigadier-General Whipple—were ordered up as supports for this line.

Sykes's division was formed in the open field, directly on the slope southeast of and scarcely a quarter of a mile distant from General Hooker's head-quarters. Immediately behind them, on the extreme elevation of the plain, three batteries of field artillery were planted. General Sykes's skirmishers advanced down the field and into the woods, where they waited the approach of the enemy. Soon the brisk cracking of rifles and muskets announced the rebel proximity, and our skirmishers, in compliance with orders, gradually fell back upon the main line of battle. This manœuvre drew the enemy outside of the woods, from which they emerged close after our retreating skirmishers, yelling and shouting like a tribe of wild Indians. The sight was both exciting and amusing at first, and all movement on our part was momentarily suspended, while our brave men gratified their curiosity in scrutinizing their gray-backed adversaries. But the charge of the rebels was not a trifling matter, and as column upon column of them, and line after line came dashing out of the woods, it seemed as though that one little division stationed there to check them would be swallowed up. It was one of those skillful manœuvres for which General Lee is particularly distinguished—the hurling of an immense body upon a small force of his antagonist. The rebel force, as it charged out of the woods, was certainly three times as large as that of General Sykes; yet the latter showed no disposition to quail; but, after giving a moment's glance to satisfy their curiosity, every soldier brought his musket to his shoulder, and five thousand bullets were sent into the rebel line. Such steadiness appalled them. They were unprepared for it. Their front rank quailed before it. The sudden thinning of their numbers amazed and frightened them. They discharged their pieces recklessly and broke in confusion. But there was no flight for them. The heavy bodies behind them, to whom the front rank had been a bulwark, protecting them from the murderous volley of the Union Regulars, were steady and determined. They absorbed the front rank in the second, and still moved forward—firm, unshaken, confident. Meantime our men had reloaded their pieces, and simultaneously a volley was fired from both sides, and then from the brow above our artillery opened with canister and grape, throwing over the heads of our own men and dealing destruction and confusion to the enemy. And as the loud cannon continued its work with fearful rapidity the order was given to our men to "fire at will"—an order that was copied by the enemy—and the continuous roar of musketry that followed almost deadened the reports of the artillery. It was the first fight of the great battle, and for nearly twenty minutes both parties stood firm, as though nothing should lead them to give the prestige of a first success to the other. But, although outnumbered, we had an advantage in the support of artillery, which, while our infantry held the rebels in check, made huge gaps in their ranks. Still they yelled and shouted defiance, and attempted charges and continued their firing, rank after rank of them being broken and thrown back in confusion, while their officers shouted, and ordered and stormed, and cursed, in the vain effort to rally them to a persistent, determined charge. They fought well. They fought as none but Americans dare fight. But with musketry alone they could not contend against both artillery and musketry. It was simply murder on the part of their officers to attempt to hold them to it, and their officers began to appreciate the fact when nearly half their column had been placed *hors de combat*; and then the order was given to retire.

And then came our turn to shout. The rebels were retreating. Our force was sadly thinned and broken; but there were enough left to send up a shout after the retreating rebels that made the woods ring with the echo. Even the wounded joined in the glad cheer, many of them staggering into an upright position and throwing up their hats in their excess of gladness at the victory. The charge had been right gallantly met, and the host of the enemy finely repulsed. It was the first achievement of the great struggle—an augury of success in the end. Our men had stood like veterans, and they had a right to cheer.

The Commencement of the Battle on Saturday, 2d, also from a sketch by Mr. Waud, is illustrated on the same pages. Of this we take the following description from the *Times* correspondence:

In the morning, as we stood on the balcony of Chancellor's house, the attention was aroused by a sharp rattle of musketry coming from a column of rebels coming up by the main Fredericksburg plank road, directly in front of us. Knapp's Battery, however, which was planted directly in front of the position, opened upon them, and after a few rounds caused them to retire.

Immediately afterward a battery opened from the height which I have mentioned as having been gained by Sykes yesterday, and then abandoned by us. The position was rather upward of a mile distant from the cleared space, and its object was to damage our ammunition train which was visible to the rebels from the tops of trees on the height. One of our batteries was, however, immediately opened in reply. The third shot blew up one of the caissons and a subsequent shot blew up another, and this settled their account.

Subsequently a reconnoissance was sent, on our part, consisting of the Twenty-sixth Pennsylvania Volunteers (Carr's brigade, Berry's division, Sickles's corps), on the same road by which the rebels had approached in the morning, for the purpose of feeling their strength. They went out on the plank road, deployed on both sides in the form of a letter V, chased the rebel skirmishers a couple of miles, till they came to a heavy double line of battle, with artillery in position, when they retired, bringing us *that* piece of intelligence.

Another reconnoissance was next sent out on our right, consisting of Berdan's sharp-shooters. They met the enemy's pickets, drove them handsomely, and at 4 o'clock returned with fifty prisoners of the Twenty-third Georgia.

At 4 the rebels are moving down in force on the plank road, where we had a little before made the reconnoissance. Geary's division of Slocum's corps is sent in on the double-quick into the woods—their bayonets flashing in the sunlight. A sharp contest ensues, and in a few minutes they come back in disorder. A portion of Kane's brigade, composed of raw troops, had broken and thrown the column into confusion.

An aid from Slocum comes to ask General Hooker if he can have reinforcements. "No! he *must* hold his own. Howard will, of course, support him from the right. Let Geary's division, however, be thrown to the right of the road, so that the artillery may be able to sweep the enemy on the left." This treatment presently repaired the damage, and checked the hope of the rebels being able to pierce our centre.

Finally, on page 325 we illustrate the terrible Panic which Overtook the Eleventh Corps on the afternoon of the same day. This also is from a sketch by Mr. Waud. The following graphic account of the affair is from the *Herald* letter:

The Eleventh corps had been ordered to advance on the right of Birney, and moved forward to take the position assigned to them on Birney's flank. One brigade succeeded in getting up the hill, and reported, by its commander (whose name I have unfortunately lost), to Generals Sickles and Birney. The rest of the corps met the enemy in force when about two-thirds of the distance up. Here they had a short engagement, in which it does not appear that they had even so large a force to contend against as that which Williams, with his single division, had fought so bravely. Headed by their commander, the gallant Howard, the German corps charged boldly up to the rebel lines. Here they were met, as the rebels always meet their foe, with shouts of defiance and derision, a determined front, and a heavy fire of musketry. The German regiments returned the fire for a short time with spirit, manifesting a disposition to fight valiantly. But at the time when all encouragement to the men was needed that could be given, then some officer of the division (one, at least, as I am informed) fell back to the rear, leaving his men to fight alone. At the same time General Devens, commanding the First division, was unhorsed and badly wounded in his foot by a musket-ball. Thus losing at a ciritical moment the inspiriting influence of the immediate presence of their commanders, the men began to falter, then to fall back, and finally broke in a complete route. General Howard boldly threw himself into the breach and attempted to rally the shattered columns; but his efforts were perfectly futile. The men were panic-stricken, and no power on earth could rally them in the face of the enemy. Information of the catastrophe was promptly communicated to General Sickles, who thus had a moment given him to prepare for the shock he instantly apprehended his column would suffer. The high land of the little farm that formed the base of his operations was parked full of artillery and cavalry, nearly all the artillery of the Third corps, together with Pleasanton's cavalry, being crowded into that little fifty-acre inclosure. But Sickles was not to be thrown off his guard by a trifle, and any thing short of a complete defeat seemed to be considered by him in the light of a trifle. With the coolness and skillfulness of a veteran of a hundred campaigns he set to work making his dispositions. He had not a single regiment within his reach to support his artillery; Whipple was falling back, and must meet the approaching stampede with his own force in retreat; Birney was far out in the advance, in imminent danger of being completely surrounded and annihilated; the rebel forces were pressing hard upon the flying Germans, who could only escape by rushing across his lines, with every prospect of communicating the panic to them. It was a critical moment indeed, and one that might well stagger even the bravest-hearted. But it did not stagger the citizen soldier. Calling to one after another of his staff, he sent them all off, one after the other, lest any should fail of getting through, to warn Birney of his danger, and order him to fall back. Then, turning to General Pleasanton, he directed him to take charge of the artillery, and train it all upon the woods encircling the field, and support it with his cavalry, to hold the rebels in check should they come on him, and himself dashed off to meet Whipple, then just emerging from the woods in the bottom land. He had scarcely turned his horse about when the flying Germans came dashing over the field in crowds, meeting the head of Whipple's column and stampeding through his lines, running as only men do run when convinced that sure destruction is awaiting them. At the same moment large masses of the rebel infantry came dashing through the woods on the north and west close up to the field, and opened a tremendous fire of musketry into the confused mass of men and animals. To add to the confusion and terror of the occasion night was rapidly approaching, and darkness was already beginning to obscure all things.

I must frankly confess that I have no ability to do justice to the scene that followed. It was my lot to be in the centre of that field when the panic burst upon us. May I never be a witness to another such scene! On one hand was a solid column of infantry retreating at double-quick from the face of the enemy, who were already crowding their rear; on the other was a dense mass of beings who had lost their reasoning faculties, and were flying from a thousand fancied dangers as well as from the real danger that crowded so close upon them, aggravating the fearfulness of their situation by the very precipitancy with which they were seeking to escape from it. On the hill were ten thousand of the enemy, pouring their murderous volleys in upon us, yelling and hooting, to increase the alarm and confusion; hundreds of cavalry horses, left riderless at the first discharge from the rebels, were dashing frantically about in all directions; a score of batteries of artillery were thrown into disorder, some properly manned, seeking to gain positions for effective duty, and others flying from the field; battery wagons, ambulances, horses, men, cannon, caissons, all jumbled and tumbled together in an apparently inextricable mass, and that murderous fire still pouring in upon them. To add to the terror of the occasion there was but one means of escape from the field, and that through a little narrow neck or ravine washed out by Scott's Creek. Toward this the confused mass plunged headlong. For a moment it seemed as if no power could avert the frightful calamity that threatened the entire army. That neck passed, and this panic-stricken, disordered body of men and animals permitted to pass down through the other corps of the army, our destruction was sure. But in the midst of that wildest alarm there was a cool head. That calamity was averted by the determined self-possession of Major-General Daniel E. Sickles.

Let me here finish with the Eleventh corps. They did not all fly across Sickles's line. They dispersed and ran in all directions, regardless of the order of their going. They all seemed possessed with an instinctive idea of the shortest and most direct line from the point whence they started to the United States ford, and the majority of them did not stop until they had reached the ford.

Other illustrations of the Army of the Potomac are given on pages 332 and 333. The descriptive matter referring to them will be found in the following brief description by the artist Mr. A. R. Waud:

SYKES'S ADVANCE ON OUR LEFT.

This sketch represents the brilliant advance of Sykes's division of Meade's corps. Watson's battery is partly seen hurling shells over the heads of our advancing lines at the rebel position on the top of the hill. In three lines, the gallant Second Brigade leading the attack, with that steadiness which the regiments of the regular army have always shown, they moved up the hill, the line of battle being formed across the road. The fire was to a great extent reserved till the crest of the hill was reached, and the enemy driven in confusion. In this affair the old Fifth Corps well maintained its old reputation; and after, when it was drawn back to take its place in the line of battle then forming, it repulsed with slaughter the attack which the enemy in their turn made upon them.

THE BATTLE IN FRONT OF CHANCELLOR'S HOUSE ON FRIDAY AFTERNOON.

After the attack upon Meade the enemy continued the battle by a vigorous effort to storm our position on the cross-roads at Chancellor's. This was a magnificent scene. The house occupies the right of the picture; about it the orderlies, servants, and pack-mules belonging to head-quarters were grouped—General Hooker and his staff, with Captain Starr's company of the Lancers, forming a brilliant party at the side of the house. Slocum's line of battle is seen formed in front, supporting the batteries in position about the burned chimney, which was surrounded by cherry-trees in blossom. In front are the lines of men moving up to take part in the struggle, which for a short time was very violently contested at this point.

HOWARD'S POSITION ON THE RIGHT.

Dowdall's tavern, head-quarters Eleventh Corps, is seen in the centre of this view. The rifle-pits across the field rendered this place impregnable in the hands of good soldiers. It was expected all day that the enemy would attack this wing in force, and there was plenty of time for preparation. The German troops, however, were not equal to the occasion. Some of them fought well, but the majority fled in panic without firing a shot, throwing into confusion those troops that were preparing to resist the enemy's advance. In the midst of the skedaddle a noble buck and two does left the woods and fled through the fugitives.

COUCH'S MEN FORMING ACROSS THE PLANK ROAD.

While Sickles was returning with his fine corps on the left, Couch's men on the double-quick tock up position across the road to try and stem the course of the runaways and Jackson's rapid advance. The batteries, massed in front of this line, poured into the woods a savage fire over the soldiers in front, while a confused mass of pack trains, wagons, ambulances, guns, caissons, cattle, and broken troops, with all the crowd of army followers, rushed down the road in panic, the enemy pounding at their rear and capturing what they could. This part of the battle was truly terrible. The sun had set, and threatening clouds threatened rain, and some lightning added to the gloomy horror of the scene; but the Second and Third Corps stood nobly to their work, and the rebels were hurled back. They captured cattle and supplies, ammunition, etc., and spent the rest of the evening in plundering our wounded.

GENERAL COUCH'S HEAD-QUARTERS ON THE CENTRE.

On Sunday the rebels made the most determined efforts to capture this position, held by Sickles and Meade, but they had no Eleventh Corps to deal with. Savagely they were repulsed, and Jackson's celebrated column of 40,000 men was decimated and defeated.

SKETCH OF THE CENTRE.—ANOTHER VIEW.

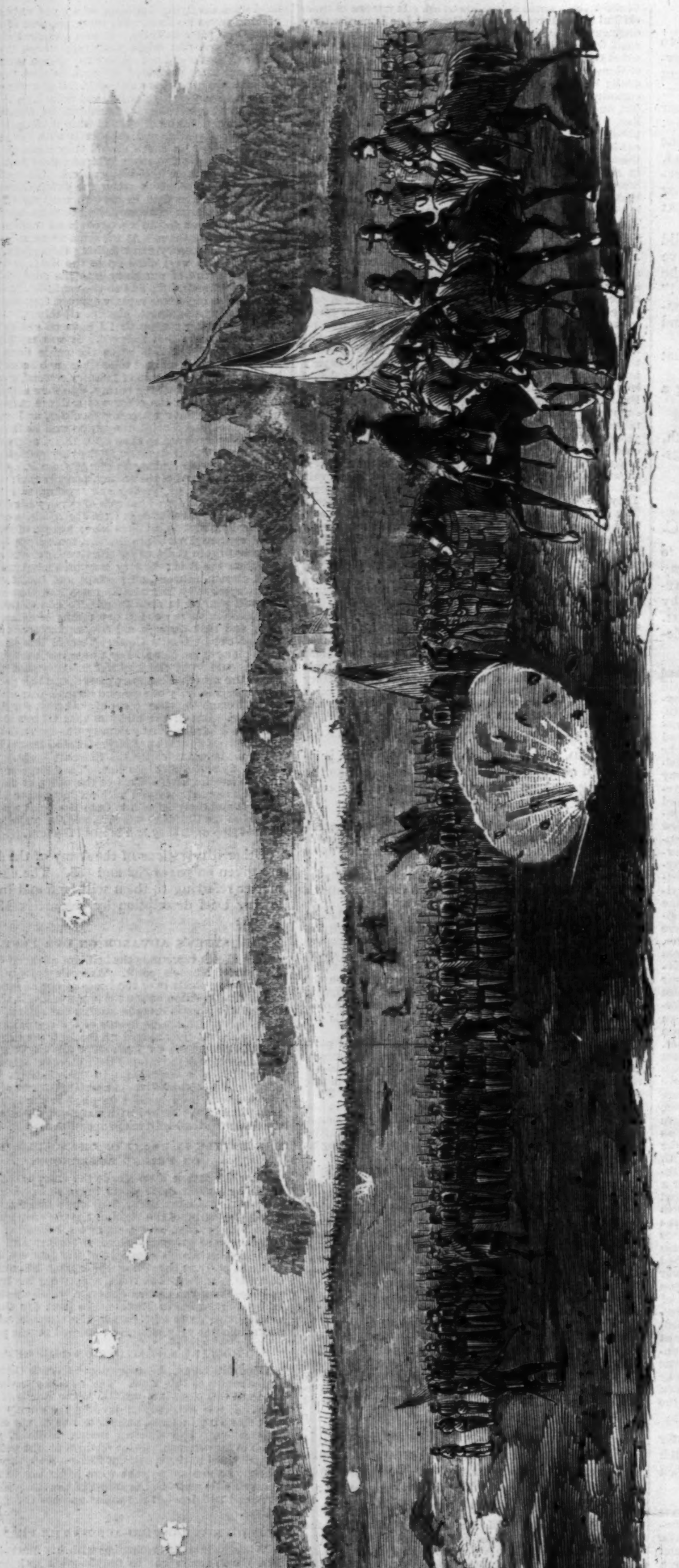
In this picture the men of Humphrey's division are represented pouring a deadly fire upon the advancing hosts, whose intention was to capture the rifle-pits and batteries represented in the picture. About this time Humphrey made one of his celebrated charges upon the enemy, driving them with such loss that they never dared to attack in force again.

HOOKER'S HEAD-QUARTERS IN THE WOODS.

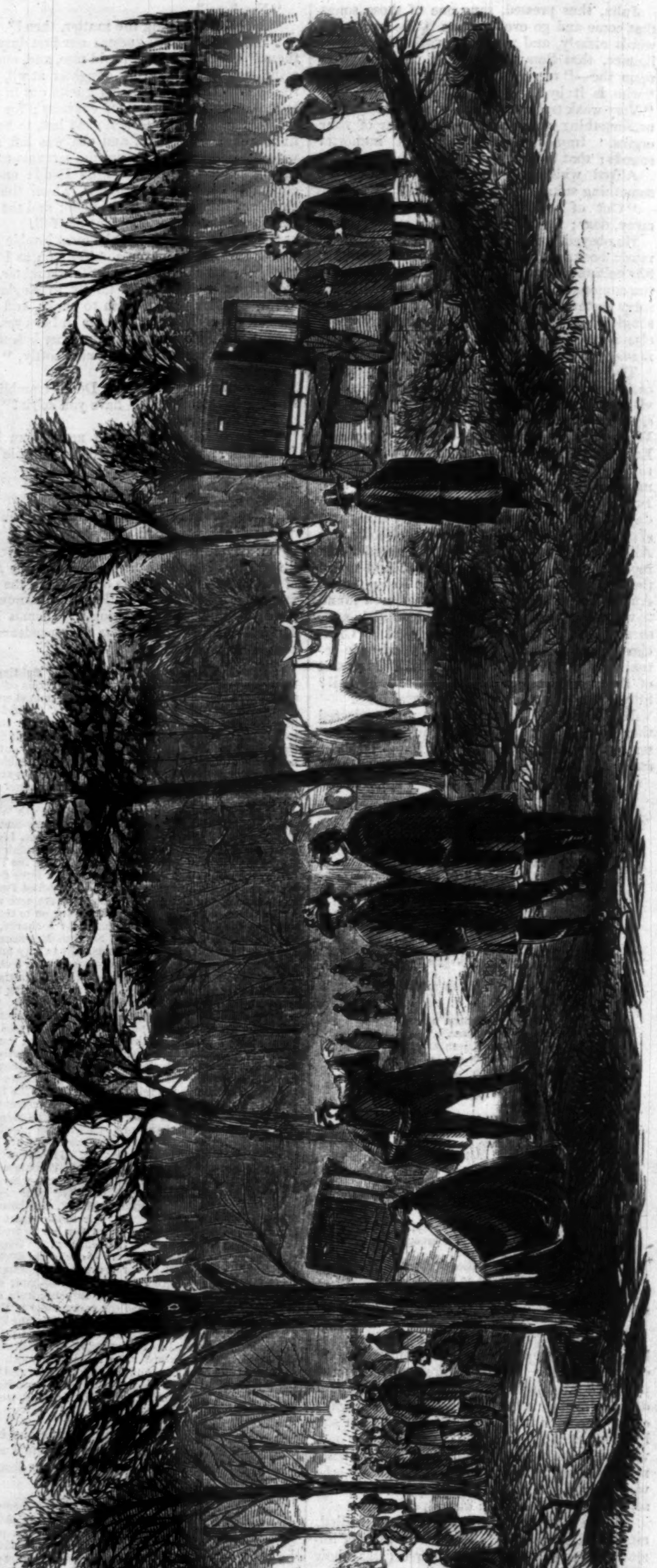
After the burning of the Chancellor house, and withdrawal of our line from that point, the General bivouacked in the woods near the front, so near that the rebel shells and even the fire of the sharp-shooters came into the camp. Captain Starr's horse was shot quite close to where the General was consulting with his officers.

OLD MILL.

This was a picturesque spot near the front, used as a hospital for Slocum's corps, and as a rendezvous of skedaddlers.

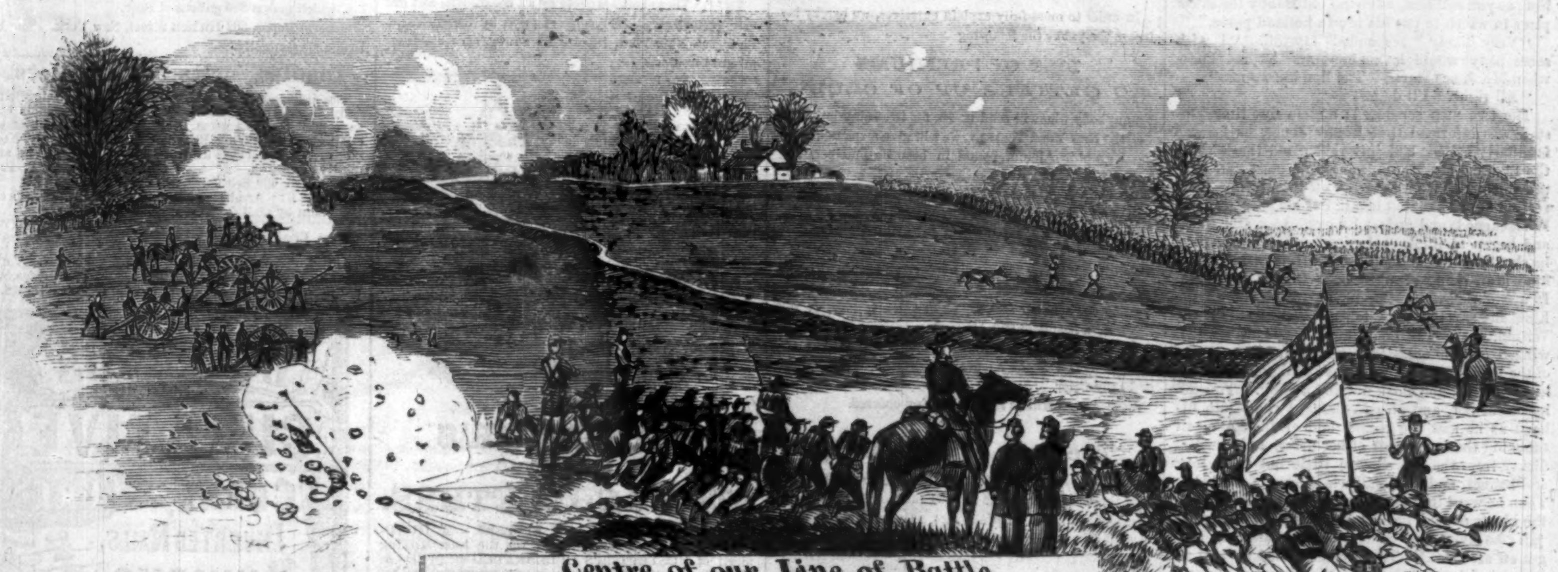


THE BATTLES AT CHANCELLORSVILLE—SECOND AND THIRD CORPS REPELLING JACKSON'S ASSAULT, MAY 3.—From a Sketch by Mr. A. R. Waud.—[See Page 331.]



GENERAL HOOKER'S HEAD-QUARTERS IN THE FIELD.—Sketched by Mr. A. R. Waud.—[See Page 331.]

Splendid Advance of Sykes's Regulars.



Centre of our Line of Battle

Steam-Mill used as a Medical Depot.

THE BATTLES AT CHANCELLORSVILLE.—From Sketches by Mr. A. R. Waud.—[See Page 331.]

CATCHING THE DRAGON.

IT was market-day in a small out-of-the-way town on the borders of Wales. As usual, a few farmers from the country had been dining at the Lion, the single inn of any note in the town; and a little lower down in the street, two men were talking about the mysterious robberies which were taking place in the neighborhood. So frequent and unaccountable were these robberies, that there was a story among the credulous people proving Hagley Heath to be haunted by a dragon, which waylaid unlucky travelers and carried off their money, having first rendered them insensible by a scratch of his claw. The two men who were talking over the mystery were in plain clothes, but the one called the other Tipstaff; so we will follow his example.

"It's all nonsense about the dragon," said the one; "but there *is* something queer about the thing. Old Smith of Hagley Farm swears that when he lost that twenty pounds a thing like a bear's paw came over his shoulder."

"Bosh!" responded Tipstaff gravely—"old Smith had been looking into the pewter. I tell you, it's neither a dragon nor a bear, but I wouldn't be so certain about a lion."

"Eh?"

Tipstaff looked up the street significantly, and nodded.

"Who else would know so well how to hit upon the farmer that goes away with the heaviest pocket? Tell me that. I say it's the lion himself, and if he wasn't as cunning as an old fox, I should have caught him before now."

"You won't get any body to believe that. Why, the farmers all trust him as if he was a brother to 'em."

"The thing is to take him with the money on his person; and he is so keen! Who's in at the Lion now?"

"Nobody but Bobby Jones. Why, this beats every thing; it isn't half an hour since I heard the lion, as you call him, advising old Bobby the safest place in which to put his brown holland purse."

"Very likely," responded Tipstaff. "I wish some body would look about and let me know when Mr. Jones starts. The lion knows me."

"All right. I'll do it."

The two men separated; and in due time Tipstaff was informed that Bobby Jones, as he was familiarly called, had just ridden off, the host of the Lion having been missing for a good half-hour previously. Tipstaff started off briskly in the direction of the haunted heath, but his pace gradually slackened, and at last he came to a stand-still and began to think. Having made up his mind, he shook his fist at the dark heath, and left it behind him, going straight back toward the town. It was dark by the time he got to the door of the Lion, and saw that the kitchen was empty of guests. Within, there was no light but the fire, which winked out an occasional gleam upon the figure of the landlord's wife, who was sitting on the settle in her bonnet and cloak nursing a baby. Tipstaff looked at her, and an odd thought came into his head as he saw the bonnet and cloak. A small table hid the lower part of her dress, and the dim flicker from the fire showed little but that cloak and bonnet, and the small white form of the baby. Then he went in quietly and got close to her. "In the king's name," he said: "speak, and you go to jail; be silent, and do as I bid you, and you may get off scot-free." The woman looked up and relinquished her first impulse of resistance; but she would not speak. Tipstaff bent down and whispered something in her ear which sounded like "What did you do with old Smith's twenty pounds?" Then, before she could utter the terrified denial that was on her tongue, he led her across the kitchen into a small room at the back of the house.

"Now, will you swear to be quiet and make no noise, or must I use these pretty little things? You will? The better for you. I want the loan of your cloak, bonnet, and baby. Tush, don't be foolish; I wouldn't hurt the poor little morsel for the world, and I'll bring it back in half an hour. Give it here!"

Tipstaff then looked at the window, which was small, and would not open. He nodded to the panic-stricken woman and went out, locking the door after him.

In a short time after that hasty footsteps were heard outside the house, and the landlord came in, throwing a quick look round him, which started from and came back to the figure of his wife nursing the baby on the settle.

"Here," he said, chucking a purse into her lap; "put it away now, and look sharp, for old Bobby showed fight, and I doubt I've given him a hardish tap."

The next moment the landlord, who was examining his muddy clothes, received a hardish tap himself, and, to his utter amazement, became aware that his wife had put down the baby and collared himself, saying in a man's voice, and one which he knew well: "In the king's name."

The landlord cast one look at the door, but it would not do. He had nothing for it but to submit. The dragon was caught at last, and it wasn't a dragon, but a lion.

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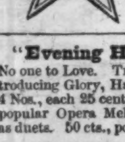

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